Vol. CIV No. 3 February 4, 1977 75 cents

commonweal

CHICKASAW, O.
JAN 31
PM
1977
45826

FRANK GETLEIN TO ARMS! TO ARMS!
THOMAS POWERS BACK TO THE COLD WAR
DORIS GRUMBACH THE MULTIFARIOUS HORSES OF INSTRUCTION
PETER STEINFELS AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. MO

REVIEWS: THOMAS LeCLAIR, JOH
MICHAEL ZEIK, RAYMOND A.

AG-24003 12-75 12-76 12-77
St. Charles Sem. Libr.
Carthagena Sta.
Celina, Oh. 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

French Backlash

Is one effect of the Lefebvre controversy in France [News & Views, 9/10/76], the producing of an anti-liberal backlash? Henri Fesquet of *Le Monde* suggests as much.

He interprets two recent actions by the French heirarchy as clues to a new caution on the part of the bishops lest there be more "grist for the mill of supporters of Archbishop Lefebvre."

Ostensibly the bishops believe that "very liberal" or "ultra-liberal" activities by clergy can only spur on the reactionary supporters of Lefebvre.

Hence, they have asked Father Bernard Feillet to withdraw as leader of the community of St. Bernard de Montparnesse on Paris's Left Bank, and they have informed Father Pierre Talec of the Jean Bart Pastoral Sacramental Center that he is to be replaced as director.

Both the community and the center are liturgically advanced, experimenting with services involving re-married divorced persons and non-canonical Communion prayers, among other things.

Also, the bishops appear not to have welcomed a document published by the Jean Bart Center last fall just before the plenary assembly of the French Episcopate, challenging them to spread the Gospel in innovative and not always orthodox ways.

Father Talec has protested the bishops' repressions of himself and Father Feillet, declaring "the veritable schism [in the French Church] is not between Archbishop Lefebvre and the episcopate but between the grassroots and the episcopate."

Fesquet, an internationally renowned commentator on religious affairs, is more harsh. He accuses the bishops of seeking refuge in the texts of Vatican II "without taking into account the evolution that has taken place in 11 years."

Enterprise, Inc.

So you're white and you figure you better get out of Rhodesia while the getting's good. But where do you go?

A Montgomery, Alabama, realtor has what he considers a great idea. He has placed an ad in a Rhodesian newspaper offering land in redneck country, U.S.A., where white folk "think as you do."

The ad, which appeared in the *Rhodesian Herald*, "was not meant to be racial," Humphrey Bolling, Jr., of Bolling & Wallace, Realtors, told the *Washington Post*. It was only meant "to attract people over there."

The ad, pitched towards agricultural families, read:

"Farms, ranches, plantations for sale in Alabama and Mississippi. Settle in an area where the white people think as you do and are of the same Anglo-Saxon background. Good private schools, many cultural events, close to seashore and mountains."

Much Ado Dept.

The Diocese of St. Cloud is the home of St. John's Abbey, the College of St. Benedict, Crosier Monastery, 37 parochial schools, five general hospitals—and probably the most sensitive Priests' Senate in captivity.

Piqued by a 500-word report in *Overview*, the Chicago newsletter, that described diocesan leadership as "timorous and hesitant" and itself as conservative, the Priests' Senate strained and brought forth a resolution of seven "whereas-es" crying slander and charging *Overview*, published by the Thomas More Association, with "a violation of reverence due to a successor of the Apostles."

Among complaints in the report was that St. Cloud Bishop George H. Speltz "tolerates rather than encourages the potential among qualified laypersons and the remarkable number of men and women religious, particularly the 350 monks at St. John's Abbey (Collegeville) and the 800 sisters at St. Benedict's Convent (St. Joseph), the largest Benedictine convent in the world."

Starting point for the *Overview* observations was a comment to the American bishops at the time of their meeting last spring in Chicago that they have had "less than a prophetic impact."

With the St. Cloud resolution, add one Priests' Senate.

Banned in Boston

It comes to pass that the use of general absolution in the Memphis diocese [*Commonweal*, 1/21/77] was not unique for the U.S., only its most dramatic application.

Bishop Walter Sullivan of Richmond extended the use of general confession and absolution in the past year to 15 parishes. Reason was so that they could handle the large number of penitents during Lent or Advent.

Similarly, Bishop Leo Maher of San Diego last February allowed general absolution at a diocesan CCD congress involving 500 persons. Juneau, Alaska, and the Nashville diocese also record instances of its use.

Rock-bound New England stands firm, however. Cardinal Humberto Medeiros of Boston has revealed that the bishops of New England considered the matter and came to the conclusion that the conditions for general absolution were not present there.

Alavoine, The Citizen, N. Vancouver/Rothco

Odds and Ends

—Communion-in-the-hand, an unclean thought yet for American bishops, has been extended by the Vatican and at the request of the pertinent bishops' conferences to a 42nd and 43rd country. One is Mexico. The other—are you ready?—Ireland.

—A New Year Mass for peace in Baltimore's Basilica of the Assumption drew 1,300 persons and 17 prelates from across the country, including a couple of cardinals and the Apostolic Delegate. As the prelates proceeded into the Basilica, an honor guard of the Knights of Columbus drew to attention and unsheathed swords, not to beat them into ploughshares on the Basilica floor, but to form an arch of crossed swords under which the bishops marched, blissfully.

—Jimmy Carter couldn't make the party of the National Millard Fillmore Society, marking the 177th birthday of the nation's 13th President. He sent regrets. The style wasn't as neat as Vice President Agnew's a few years back. In turning down an invitation, Agnew cited President Fillmore's contribution to the preservation of the two-party system. "By abolishing the debtors' prison, [Fillmore] assured the continuance of the Democratic party," Agnew wrote. The best Carter could manage was thanks to the Millard Fillmore Society for its endorsement of him before last November's election. Fillmore Society president Thomas Apostle was grateful. He told the press that it was the Fillmore vote, not the black, labor or environmental vote, that put Carter over the top. JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

No-Bell Prize

Milwaukee, Wisc.

To the Editors: Gene Bell [Nov. 5], for all his literary prowess (where does he get time to read all those books?) comes through to this reader as the craven box-top kid down the block who can say "I was here before you." Anyone who attempts to deal with his themes in his grab-bag (his word), glib (my word) scattershot reviewing of 31 (I counted) books, surely has in mind serving his reader a treat, helping his reader laugh at the grim seriousness that brings us together to balance fantasy and history. Yes, Mort Sahl, someone does listen, someone does care. Here is serene Gene who puts down Bellow for ignoring the Vietnam war, and then puts down Vonnegut for high-priesting the "barren" intellects the anti-war movement spawned.

This is very funny, you see, Mort, because Gene says the counter-culture was made up of barren intellects while everyone knows it fashioned a creative, thoughtful (and fallible and fumbling) response not only to the war but also to the society and institutions that fostered such a war. Sides splitting? Wait! He's not done. His observation that literature owes a debt of gratitude to LBJ and Nixon for their bursts of realism gives the heretofore stiff ruminations a delightfully hysterical finish.

The mark of a scholar is one who puts down words that do not have to be eaten. The mark of a human is one who eats them with a sense of humor. Now that the Nobel Committee has spoken, let's hope for Mr. Bell, as he re-reads the reprints, that his salt hasn't lost its savor.

WILLIAM SELL

Nuclear Blast

Stanford, Cal.

To the Editors: If memory serves, the issues from my first subscription to *Commonweal* were read in the Army

(Continued on page 94)

NEWS & VIEWS: 66 **CORRESPONDENCE: 67**
EDITORIAL: 67
WASHINGTON REPORT: To Arms! To Arms!: *Frank Getlein* **68**
AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL: *Peter Steinfels* **70**
THE DEVIL, DEMONS & DOGMATISM: *Ronald Modras* **71**
THE TASTE OF QUEBEC: *Erazim Kohak* **76**
AFTER DALEY, WHAT?: *Ralph Whitehead, Jr.* **79**
RICHARD J. DALEY—A PERSONAL MEMOIR: *Michael McAuliffe* **80**
PRESS: Back to the Cold War: *Thomas Powers* **83**
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **85**
VERSE: *Roy Scheele* **75**; *Felix Stefanile* **86**
THE MULTIFARIOUS HORSES OF INSTRUCTION: *Doris Grumbach* **87**
UPDIKE & GARDNER: DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS: *Thomas LeClair* **89**
BOOKS: *John Garvey, John Druska, Michael Zeik, Raymond A. Schroth, James R. Kelly* **90**

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: *Associate Editor* ANNE M. ROBERTSON, *Editorial Assistant*
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
FRANK GETLEIN: *Washington*
BRIAN WICKER: *Great Britain* ALAIN WOODROW: *Paris*
HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: *Rome* JOHN COONEY: *Dublin*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*
Staff: LINDA F. KAYLER, PAMELA J. FITZGERALD, HARRIETTE BALSKY

COMMONWEAL
A review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Printed in the USA and published bi-weekly by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016; telephone: (212) MU 3-2042. Copyright © 1977 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.—US and Canada: $17 a year. Foreign $19. Single copies 75c. Special two-year rate $29.50. Foreign $33.50.

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, and Book Review Digest. Microfilms from Vol. 1, 1924, to date available through University Microfilms; 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106. National Serials Data Program No.: ISSN 0010-3330.

THE CARTER BEGINNING

Jimmy Carter officially moved onto the stage of presidential history with an inaugural ceremony remarkably reflective of his character traits—deft touches of populism, strong strains of pietism, a comparative simplicity—and with an inaugural address which, for all its personalist and welcome Democratic-party tones, left some persons uncertain that they know yet the man elected 39th President of the United States. Of course, inaugural addresses are not infallible indicators; they do not lend themselves readily to specifics and hard guidelines. But they do point directions—or can. Almost inevitably, therefore, there were those—including, it seems, representatives of foreign governments at the inaugural—who would have preferred an inaugural address that eschewed tone for a more concrete statement of the means by which this administration will move towards the goals of the campaign speeches.

This is tenuous criticism, however. The realities of governing will quickly force particulars on Carter, so that it will not be long before he stands before us all as a man learned and a President known, rather than man and President whom there must still be some guessing at and speculating about. We look positively to this better acquaintanceship, although with a certain skepticism that the Carter of the presidency will be the miracle man of his political evolution and his promises, or the liberal of some popular persuasions.

This is a skepticism not dispelled, be it said, by the amnesty program announced his first full day in office. The predictable howls of the "patriots" notwithstanding, the program is ungenerous towards hundreds of thousands most in need of generosity—the poor and undereducated, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instance, who in Carter's earlier words didn't know where Sweden was or how to get to Canada.

Nor are doubts relieved by some high-level appointments, notably that of Griffin B. Bell as Attorney General, a lawyer and judge with a widely publicized obstructionist reputation in civil-rights cases. We find it especially ironic that Carter should have persisted against intense opposition on this, the poorest of his nominations, while acquiescing so readily to the withdrawal decision of Theodore Sorensen as director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Granted the very real problems connected with the Sorensen nomination, yet if intelligence and a sense of what is needed to restore integrity to the Agency are prerequisites for the post, Sorenson possessed both in ample measure. Besides, there is the seductive thought that nothing might have helped more in rehabilitating the CIA in those areas of the world where it has been a fomenter of coups and practitioner of unsavory arts than the presence of a pacifist as its head.

Similarly questionable is Carter's choice of Charles Schultze as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors—a man who last summer helped block passage of the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill and who, in the words of economic analysts Robert Lekachman and Michael Harrington, is "evidently prepared to accept a whole decade of extraordinarily severe unemployment."

The latter objection is crucial. Each new administration seems to have its special challenge. As that of the past administration was the rescuing of the office of the presidency (and here give Ford high marks for what he accomplished), that of the new will very likely be jobs. In this context, Carter must not be timid about full employment, just as he must understand that it is not enough to stimulate business and presume that the benefits will trickle down to the poorest. He must recognize that there is a hard-core unemployed in this country, particularly among urban black and minority youths, and that direct affirmative action is necessary on many levels and in numerous job-skill areas if these groups are to be reached.

Forecasters are predicting a moderate early pace for the Carter administration. We trust it will not be so with jobs. A jobless percentage rate of near 8 percent is intolerable, the more so when one group comprises 20 percent of the jobless, as do blacks.

WASHINGTON REPORT

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

The plans for the Carter Inaugural provided the most widespread popular entertainment and cultural manifestations within memory—and provided most of them free or at nominal cost, in sharp contrast to the traditional top ticket at $1,000 a head and not very far down from that for the cheapies. One entertainment not listed in the Concourse of Events and at least as expertly choreographed, rehearsed and conducted as the best of those that were, was the Soldiers' Chorus lifted in the last days of the Ford administration warning the Carter administration and the country at large that The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming and the only way to stop them is to inundate the military-industrial-flackery complex with money from the U.S. Treasury, the more securities the more security, the sooner the better, not a moment to lose, damn the cost overruns, full speed ahead, and curst be he who first cries, Hold, enough.

The overture was sounded in letters to *The Times*, swelled to a brilliant opening number, everybody on stage, in an Op-Ed Solemn Warning about the Soviets signed by everyone the military-industrial flacks could dredge up, including such an honorable former naval person as Elmo Zumwaldt and several less so. After the opener, individual divertissements began the build-up all over again, in traditional, George Abbott-Leonard Bernstein style. Retiring officials appeared before congressional committees, others made addresses to citizens' groups. The interregnum President did his own number with variations in a masterpiece of timing just when, for a change, everyone in the country wanted to think well of him.

All of this gave way to the big set piece of the show: the CIA report on the Great Soviet Arms Build-Up of the last decade or so. Here it was at last, the voice of ultimate authority, the Charlton Heston of government. If the burglars, liars and letter-openers of the CIA said it was so, how could anyone doubt? If there are citizens who honestly think, on the record, that the CIA has done more, much more, to "erode the cause of freedom" in America than the Soviets have dreamt possible, such observers simply don't understand the true nature of American freedom: our freedom lies, not in citizens' freedom from having the CIA climbing in their windows and rifling their letter-boxes, but rather in their freedom to have CIA reassurances that those things don't really matter compared to the Agency's ability to cope with the dread Soviet menace, as it did so brilliantly at the Bay of Pigs, in Indochina and elsewhere.

So there it all was, out on the stage. The remainder was, appropriately, diminuendo, with a coda consisting of the new/old Carter Secretary of Defense reiterating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his chief's promise to make cuts in the Gargantuan Defense budget but finking out on the time: not really possible until 1979, perhaps 1980; inexplicably, Jimmy Baby had forgotten to mention the time-lag on the hustings: I will never lie to you, but I may overlook a few details when I'm telling the truth.

As regards the set-piece, you don't really have to be profoundly cynical to assume a trade-off: the CIA supports the military letch for funds; in return, the military will not attack, as it has in the past, the Agency's independence of military dominance. Everybody wins—except the country, of course, but what the hell, somebody has to pick up the check.

The check, here as hitherto, is that if the price of drinks at the Pentagon's general officers' club is raised to, say, half of the price of equivalent downtown bistros, the Russians will be at the Rhine by Wednesday: if any upstart Congressman so much as asks questions about the way miracle weapons cost twice their estimates and don't work, the Red Army will air-drop into Omaha Friday morning, early.

The trouble with all the arguments over arms—and the brilliant production we have just witnessed is a beginning as well as a climax—is that they are theological in the medieval sense. The arguments are about things that cannot be empirically proved one way or another without utter and absolute disaster. Had the world come to an end in 1350 or, even better in some ways, in 1618, the contending theologians could have settled their disputes with complete authority, complete acquiescence, complete agreement. Similarly, if the Russians do land in Omaha Friday, early or late, we will all know, unequivocally, that the people sending up those warning signals were right all along, the rest of us wrong. On the other hand, if this nation goes into bankruptcy bankrolling its arms binge, presumably even the arms merchants will at last admit that, yes, the harpies on the shore did have something there, too bad we couldn't hear them.

The trouble with a lot of theology almost until our own time has been that the theologians, as often as not, had a lot riding on such questions as how many angels could dance on the point of a pin. The ultimate theologian turned out to be Cardinal Richelieu, who believed devoutly in mobile artillery and shifting alliances. It is not quite true, but it is close enough to say, loosely, that no establishment theologian ever backed a proposition that would cost the establishment money. The same thing is true of the arms merchants, the general and flag officers so concerned about Soviet intentions, and, of course, their flacks in press and politics. As I have noted before, the one really unthinkable thought that even Herman Kahn cannot bring himself to think is that less money should be spent upon arms and upon Herman Kahn's thoughts about arms.

Yet there does remain the possibility that the Soviet Union is out to gain an overwhelming advantage in arms over the United States and, having gained it, to employ it to destroy this country—and most of its own—in order that the surviving remnant of the world should be Soviet-dominated. On the face of it, the proposition seems ridiculous, but anything is possible, including that. Since the proposition is purely theological from our point of view—even the CIA is not going to produce some secret speech from the Kremlin outlining such semi-suicide—how can we be persuaded of its truth, if its advocates really do believe it to be true and are not just claiming it to be true in order to make money?

So phrased, the question answers itself. We can believe in the imminent Soviet arms menace if the people who are warning us about it first insure that they themselves or their friends and comrades in the arms business are not set up to make tons of money—or rank, or perks & privs—out of the fright they wish to create in us.

That first obvious proposal to accompany the scare stuff is simply that the arms industry be nationalized. This is neither all that difficult nor all that far-fetched. In effect large branches of the arms industry have been nationailzed for years in the sense that the bulk of their operating capital comes from the nation's treasury. It is only the profits that go to the private sector; in the rare cases in which losses occur, there are immediate steps taken by the Pentagon, with or without the knowledge of Congress, to reimburse those losses. It could be done in easy stages, even: the next time the Pentagon is letting contracts for the next miracle weapons system, it simply announces that this time the capital expenditures will remain the property of the government. Since weapons systems are by definition obsolete as soon as completed, it will take only a few years of this practice to have the entire arms industry in government ownership as well as government financing.

The second step would be to peg salaries in the arms industries at their military equivalent, with the top operating executive of a military aircraft corporation being paid like a four-star general and so on down the line.

If this took place, it really wouldn't matter if procurement officers continued to move through the revolving door which has played its significant part in accelerating the arms race: they'd have nothing really to gain by the switch from private to public and back.

Finally, a great token of good faith would be the relinquishment of the privileges of rank. If the emergency is so desperate that general officers gave up their free gardeners, barmen, valets and chauffeurs, we could all believe they mean what they say and are not just looking for butlers and parlormaids in addition.

FRANK GETLEIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL

PETER STEINFELS

Serious political life has begun once again. For almost a year it was suspended—in order to elect a president. And like a corpse that continues growing fingernails, the presidential campaign never stops at election day. What else was Gerald Ford's proposal for Puerto Rican statehood but the delayed spasm of a presidential candidate, one of those bright ideas a campaigner uses to score first in the evening newscast?

The last act of the campaign was of course the Inauguration itself, a pageant necessary to balance the ballyhoo and acceptance speeches of the conventions, to close with due ceremony the long parenthesis of the campaign. But real politics had begun weeks earlier with Jimmy Carter's protracted selection of Cabinet officials and White House advisors.

These were politics in every sense of the word. Major interest groups—capital, labor, women, minorities, the military and the foreign policy establishment—flexed their muscles, recalled old promises and new prospects, and were variously placated. But it was still more fascinating to note how all the genuine issues, set aside during the campaign so that we could concentrate on Panama treaties, *Playboy* interviews, and whether the Soviets really did dominate Eastern Europe, suddenly reemerged in the politics of Cabinet-making.

How would a Carter administration actually steer the economy? What would it do about the twin evils of unemployment and inflation—in detail, and not merely by catchword? Would it lean to labor's demand for direct creation of jobs or to business's insistence on tax relief and investment incentives? Would the administration ease up on affirmative action in hiring practices, as the AFL-CIO has argued is sensible, or would it push ahead as blacks, Hispanics and women have urged? There was probably more public attention to the realities of these questions in a few weeks of rumors and rumblings over Charles Schultze, Burton Lance, W. Michael Blumenthal, Ray Marshall and John Dunlop, than in months of electioneering.

To what extent have we acknowledged the calamity of Vietnam as the basis of a reappraisal of foreign policy? Has détente been a snare and pitfall? Does Soviet weapons development call for a massive effort on our part? How determined are we to restrain covert activities by our intelligence agencies? What should be the stance of the U.S. toward the Third World—fraternal negotiator or Dutch uncle? No one can maintain that these issues have yet been debated thoroughly, but the crosstalk about Cyrus Vance's nomination for Secretary of State, Zbigniew Brzezinski's for National Security Advisor, Harold Brown's for Defense, Theodore Sorenson's for CIA chief, Andrew Young's for UN Ambassador, and what to do with James Schlesinger, certainly has aired the contending positions far better than did a TV debate in which Vietnam was barely mentioned and armaments were discussed only as a lump budget item.

What about White House power and the independence of the Justice Department? What is required to maintain the symbolic commitment to racial equality and harmony that closed the Democratic national convention? Griffin Bell's nomination for Attorney General has put these questions squarely on the agenda.

We have even seen a breakthrough of sorts in the proposal that Gar Alperovitz be appointed to the Council of Economic Advisors. Dr. Alperovitz, whose earlier studies of "atomic diplomacy" had a major impact in shaking up the standard version of Cold War history, has been directing an effort called the Exploratory Project for Economic Alternatives. That is a palatable way of saying he has been researching the possibility of applying democratic socialist notions to American economic problems. While the Carter team has rejected the idea of appointing Alperovitz, it is worth noting that a broad coalition of Congresspeople and public interest lobbyists supported the appointment. These included the Chairman of the House Banking Committee Henry S. Reuss, Senators Kennedy, Humphrey, and Gaylord Nelson, and no less than 45 other members of the House of Representatives. Ralph Nader called the proposal a "litmus test" of Carter's openness to new ideas; but the wide backing of Alperovitz is already an indication that the thoughtful, democratic elements of Sixties radicalism have earned a place in the mainstream of American political discussion. If the administration is sincere in its objection that Alperovitz simply lacked the technical economic skills demanded by the post, then it can readily find other similar candidates, like Lester Thurow of M.I.T.

All this moves me to a simple proposal. I know the political scientists will prove it to be silly and hopeless, like abolishing the Electoral College; but why not require presidential candidates to name their Cabinet and chief advisors by September 1 of election year, with the stipulation that these officials cannot be replaced, except for malfeasance or gross incompetence, until the new administration has held office for a year? Could Congress make the reception of campaign funds contingent on appointing these officials? Or the states require it to get on the ballots? Or perhaps the networks, who run the election in any case, could simply decree it. After all, wouldn't it be more entertaining, as well as more informative, if we fielded not two players per side but entire teams for our political Super Bowl?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEVIL, DEMONS & DOGMATISM

RONALD MODRAS

Is it time to say farewell to the devil?

Klingenberg. The very name of the town conjures up images of a quaint make-believe village nestled somewhere among the pages of a children's book of stories taken from the Brothers Grimm. But the story is not meant for children and neither is it make-believe.

The death of Anneliese Michel last summer after a prolonged series of exorcisms at her home in Klingenberg unleashed a storm of outrage and controversy in West Germany. Theologians, parish priests and bishops alike have found themselves compelled to take positions on the questions: Does the devil exist? Is there such a thing as diabolic possession?

The circumstances surrounding the death of the 23-year-old university student have been described in detail in the German press. From 1969 to 1973, while still in high school, Anneliese was treated by a doctor near her home for occasional convulsive seizures. As a student at the University of Würzberg, she received treatment from a neurologist there, all without success. Toward the end of 1973, before a definitive medical diagnosis was given, Anneliese's parents, pious Catholics, consulted a local priest. Desperate, they suspected that their daughter was possessed. Anneliese, an intense, devout girl, believed it as well.

"Expert" opinion was sought from a Jesuit priest in Frankfurt. He had long been familiar with exorcisms, in fact, had two books on the subject to his credit in which he described how he himself had undertaken exorcisms "with success." After careful investigation, he found that the necessary criteria were there: rejection of saints, knowledge of a language never studied, revelation of mysterious, unearthly happenings. The Jesuit's conclusion was that the signs pointed to diabolic possession. Formal ecclesiastical approval was sought and obtained from the Bishop of Würzburg to proceed with the rites of solemn exorcism. In the meantime, the neurologist consulted earlier submitted a quite different diagnosis: Anneliese suffered from epilepsy.

Anneliese's seizures had been occasional enough for her to persue her work at the university. She wrote her thesis and intended to conclude her studies in pedagogy sometime last year. Then early in the year the convulsions increased both in number and ferocity. An intermittent series of exorcisms was undertaken. She returned at Easter from Würzberg to her parents' home in Klingenberg, where two exorcists offered the prayers going back to the 15th century *Rituale Romanum*. The exorcisms were extensive enough to permit the recording of 43 tapes.

Anneliese's condition grew worse. She refused food or drink, wasting away to some 60 pounds. No doctors were called. On July 1st, she died of "malnutrition and dehydration." The family doctor refused to sign a death certificate without calling in the local prosecutor, and an investigation was launched to determine whether her death was caused by criminal negligence. A month later the already lurid aspects of the case were sensationalized even more when one of the exorcists appeared on television and in the course of the interview played one of the 43 tapes.

Among the flood of articles and statements that have followed the wake of Anneliese Michel's death, one voice commands particular attention. Herbert Haag, a

FATHER RONALD MODRAS *is assistant professor of Systematic Theology at St. John's Seminary, Plymouth, Michigan, and the author of* Paths to Unity *(Sheed and Ward) and* Paul Tillich's Theology of the Church *(Wayne State U. Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swiss Catholic priest and professor of Old Testament at the University of Tübingen, has been a foremost critic of traditional teaching on demons and the devil. His research into the biblical and extra-biblical foundations for the Christian tradition on demonology resulted in 1969 in a short popularly written "meditation book," entitled *Abschied vom Teufel,* (Farewell to the Devil). It created a reaction in the Vatican as well as conservative Catholic circles in Germany and resulted in an address delivered by Pope Paul to a general audience on Nov. 15, 1972, reaffirming traditional Catholic teaching. The Pope declared in the address that the devil is "a dark, hostile agent. Evil is not merely an absence of something but an active force, a living spiritual being that is perverted and that perverts others."

The Pope went on to say that "it is a departure from the picture provided by biblical and Church teaching to refuse to acknowledge the Devil's existence; to regard him as a self-sustaining principle who, unlike other creatures, does not owe his origin to God; or to explain the Devil as a pseudo-reality, a conceptual, fanciful personification of the unknown causes of our misfortunes." (*The Pope Speaks,* 17 [1973] 317.)

In conjunction with other scholars, Professor Haag published another book in 1974, *Teufelsglaube* (Belief in the Devil), this one 544 pages of scientific scholarship, documenting the apocryphal and ultimately pagan roots of biblical demonology. The Vatican's response to Haag was an unsigned document published June, 1975, in *L'Osservatore Romano,* (reprinted in 1975 in *The Pope Speaks*) under the title, "Christian Faith and Demonology." The article appeared with the note that "The Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith commissioned an unnamed expert to prepare this French-language study, which it strongly recommends as a sure basis for grasping the teaching of the magisterium on 'Christian Faith and Demonology'."

The language of the Roman document makes it clear that it had been occasioned by Haag's book. Instead of entering into direct confrontation with Haag's study of the roots of Christian demonology, the document simply recites the catalogue of references to devils and demons in the New Testament, the Church Fathers, the liturgy and the IV Lateran Council. According to IV Lateran, "the devil and the other demons were created good by God according to their nature, but they made themselves evil by their own doing. As for man, his sin was at the prompting of the devil." The unnamed author of the 1975 Vatican statement regards this as a "dogmatic statement." He concludes that, although the existence of Satan has never been the object of an explicit affirmation by the magisterium, this is only because the question was never put in those terms. "It is in the teaching of the Gospel and in the heart of the faith as lived that the existence of the world of demons is revealed as a dogma." To reject the notion of a personal devil is "not simply a challenge to a secondary element of Christian thought but a direct denial of the constant faith of the Church, its way of conceiving redemption, and (at the source of both of these) the very consciousness of Jesus himself."

In the light of these recent statements issuing from the Vatican, it is little wonder that the uproar in Germany over demonology has seen a number of high ranking churchmen there declare that the existence of a personal devil is a dogma binding in faith. Noteworthy, however, was a statement five weeks after Anneliese Michel's death by the Bishop of Würzburg, Joseph Stangl. It is remarkable not only for what it says but, more, for what it does not say. For the first time in an official statement from a member of the Catholic hierarchy, demonology and possession are described with no word about the devil as a personal evil spirit. The bishop deserves to be quoted at some length:

> "The New Testament says, Jesus drove out demons. In several doctrinal pronouncements of the Church, mention is made of the devil. What must be taken into consideration with all human speech, holds true for such statements as well: they must be understood from the background of the contemporary situation and out of the context in which they are found.
>
> "1. A glance at the worldview of the Bible shows that people in the biblical period could not conceive of the world without demons. Along with other influences, there may well have contributed the direct experience that evil often assails us like an inescapable power; that often we experience in ourselves an urge to do evil. This world view also came to be taken for granted by corresponding later Church pronouncements, without, however, the requirement that it must be seen in detail as a binding part of the Church teaching.
>
> "2. When one considers the context in which such expressions are found, it is obvious that whenever there is mention of devils or demons, ultimately the issue is always the power of God. The Bible and the official teaching of the Church have no intention of developing a doctrine concerning evil, Satanology. Rather, their concern is only to say that God and only God is stronger than evil.
>
> "3. Statements about evil or about the devil are false, therefore, and contradict the spirit of the New Testament and Church tradition, when, differentiatingly, they claim to know something about the nature or behavior of devils or demons; or when they aim at frightening people with menace instead of arousing them to trust in God, who can have no serious competition in this world."

The Bishop of Würzburg goes on to describe what has been regarded as diabolic possession as simply "serious illness," or, less frequently, what mystics have de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scribed as the experience of being abandoned by God. Exorcism, he says, should not be understood as driving out devils with magic; it is "nothing else than the prayer of the Church" for a person who cannot pray himself. Such prayer never excludes medical assistance but rather obliges its use.

After discussing some of the circumstances of the exorcisms at Klingenberg, the Würzburg statement concludes with a plea to theologians to undertake interdisciplinary research with behavioral scientists so as to clarify the questions behind phenomena like Klingenberg. "It is the view of the episcopal authorities that consequences must be drawn for the Church's discipline, scientific theology and pastoral practice."

On the day after the statement of the Bishop of Würzburg, the Wikkert Institute of the University of Tübingen published the results of a survey taken in West Germany on belief there in the devil. Only eleven percent of those questioned expressed belief in the existence of a devil. The overwhelming majority rejected the

notion. No such study has been done in America of late, but in 1965 sociologists Charles Y. Glock and Rodney Stark, *Religion and Society in Tension,* (Chicago, Rand McNally), published their findings indicating that, at that time, "overall, thirty-eight percent of the Protestants and sixty-six percent of the Roman Catholics feel certain about the Devil's existence." Given the considerable changes in American Catholic thought this last decade, that study undoubtedly requires updating. But as early as 1965, the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith would have found more Southern Baptists (92 percent) and more members of Holiness and Pentecostal sects (90 percent) agreeing with its position on the devil than American Roman Catholics.

Obviously, sociology is not a criterion for determining the truth or falsehood of Church teaching. The II Vatican Council did acknowledge, however, that it is the Church's duty to scrutinize the "signs of the times" and interpret them in the light of the gospel. Those signs of the times have become, next to Scripture, tradition, the Church's liturgy and spirituality, a source for theological reflection, a *locus theologicus*. So how does one react to the popular rejection of a belief in devils? Does one shrug his shoulders and say with Baudelaire that "the best trick, strategy of the devil is to persuade people that he does not exist"? Or does one side with Rudolf Bultmann in the opinion that "one cannot use electric light, turn on a radio, or when sick have recourse to medical science and modern clinics and at the same time believe in the New Testament spirit world"?

As a matter of fact, Rudolf Bultmann notwithstanding, there is a sizable minority of Americans using lights, radios and modern medicine for whom the New Testament spirit world is very much a reality. According to Hal Lindsey of *The Late Great Planet Earth,* ("over 2,000,000 copies in print!") the devil "is alive and well on planet earth." Lindsey's pop fundamentalism in interpreting apocalyptic literature and references to the devil in the New Testament have convinced and affected not only conservative Protestants but charismatic Catholics as well. Exorcisms are apparently becoming not infrequent among charismatic circles, and if pastoral leaders are beginning to find increasing numbers of Catholics becoming obsessed with fantasies of diabolic presence and activity, the leadership of the charismatic movement is not without responsibility.

Ralph Martin, for example, one of the national organizers and architects of the charismatic movement, published an editorial in their magazine, *New Covenant,* (April, 1974) on how charismatic renewal means not only a new experience of the Lord but also new sensitivity to the reality and work of Satan. "It is not uncommon," he stated, "for someone who has recently committed his life to Jesus and experienced the release of his Spirit to also experience, perhaps for the first time, the active assault of Satan in direct or subtle temptations, or in a bondage contributing to compulsive behavior."

Martin's editorial was followed by a two-part article on how charismatics can discern evil spirits and drive them out. The tone of the article is adequately demonstrated by the author's remark, "I have prayed with people suffering from physical ailments such as allergies, menstrual difficulties and epilepsy, where neither medication nor prayer for healing helped; the key to their freedom was taking authority over the evil spirit at work there." One wonders, where are the bishops, priests, and theologians who are leading or serving as consultors to the charismatic movement?

The usual arguments offered for the devil's existence consist of the references in the Old Testament to Satan, in the New Testament to Satan and Jesus's casting out of demons, and, for Catholics, official Church allusions to the devil, particularly those of the IV Lateran Council. Simply cataloguing these references in Scripture and Christian tradition accomplishes nothing, however, without an appreciation of the mythic origins of the Jewish legends on which all of them are based.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Old Testament, Satan appears in texts stemming directly from Israel's encounter with Persian dualism. In the best known of these, the book of Job, Satan is numbered among the "sons of God," a member of the heavenly court with the thankless task of searching out evil deeds and accusing sinners before God. He is "the Satan," literally, "the adversary" or "the accuser." The imagery is that of the royal court of heaven where justice is dispensed in much the same fashion as it was when these texts were written; Satan serves as something of a prosecuting attorney.

The issue central to the book of Job is one still vexing to critical, reflective faith, the problem of evil and its origins. If God is loving and good, how do you explain all that is wrong with the world? How can innocent suffering and natural catastrophes be explained without ultimately placing the blame on God? The Persians found a dualistic solution intellectually satisfying: reality is dominated by two opposing forces or principles, two gods; one benign, to whom all good is attributable, the other malevolent, responsible for all evil.

Jewish monotheism could not tolerate any deity other than the one God of Israel. Another solution had to be found to the problem of evil and innocent suffering. It lay in a mitigated form of dualism. Not an evil God but a creature had to become the scapegoat. The lot fell to Satan. The late Jewish attempt to absolve God from responsibility for evil by blaming Satan is most explicitly demonstrated by two parallel texts. In an earlier account, 2 Samuel 24, 1, we find: "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he incited David against them, saying, 'Go, number Israel and Judah.' " A later version of the same incident in 1 Chronicles 21, 1 reads: "Satan stood up against Israel and incited David to number Israel."

The Old Testament does not provide any further information about the devil. (Diabolos, from whence the English word devil, was a Greek translation for Satan.) There is nothing in the Old Testament about a fall of angels. Placing the authorship of evil upon Satan was not enough, however; God could not have created any creature evil. Once Satan had become the scapegoat for evil in the world, it was necessary to evict him from the heavenly court. And what the Old Testament does not tell us, the apocrypha do.

In writings not found in the canon of Scripture, in Enoch, the book of Jubilees, and The Life of Adam and Eve, we find the story of the revolt of Satan and his angels and the identification of the devil with the serpent in Genesis 3 who tempted Eve. Here too we find the fateful account of spirits lusting after the comely "daughters of men"; their offspring become evil spirits or demons who roam the earth, working physical affliction and destruction. As bizarre as this conception may seem to us, the veracity of this account of angelic-human intercourse was simply presumed by the New Testament epistle of Jude (vs. 6), as it was by the rest of the author's Jewish and New Testament contemporaries.

The legends of the apocrypha become common coin in intertestamental and New Testament Judaism. Both popular belief and rabbinical tradition took for granted the existence of a spirit world divided into angels and demons. The New Testament took over without question the assumptions of late Jewish folklore, corresponding as it did basically to the animism of pagan Greek demonology. The reference in the epistle of Jude to sexually active angels is but one of numerous allusions to demons in the New Testament.

Unlike later Christian tradition (and some contemporary theologians), the Judaism of Jesus's day distinguished sharply between the devil and demons. The gospels speak of Jesus casting out demons, not devils; unfortunately all English translations do not necessarily maintain the distinction of the original Greek. The Jews of Jesus's day, like other ancient peoples, experienced themselves as helpless before the mysterious phenomenon of sickness and disease. Unable to provide a rational explanation, they tended to ascribe sickness to the work of evil spirits. These demons or evil spirits were not the archenemy of God so much as the bane of physical and material existence. Any inexplicable misfortune came to be attributed to demons, whose primary purpose was to afflict life and limb.

It is not only thoroughly natural but to be expected that Jesus, as a man of his time, and the New Testament, as a culturally conditioned historical document, reflect the assumptions and attitudes of first century Judaism. Jesus's preaching of God's kingdom and mercy was seen as a struggle against evil, personified as a matter of course by the figure of Satan. Jesus' healing of the sick was envisioned quite understandably as the casting out of demons, since they were invariably held responsible for physical ailments. It is hardly any wonder that the gospel's characterize Jesus's cure of an obvious epileptic as an exorcism.

Jesus made allusions to the devil among his parables and images. The evangelists after him described his acceptance of his mission and rejection of an alternate life style as repudiation of a temptation coming from the devil. Despite the number of references, though, the devil remains a decidedly peripheral figure in the New Testament. Satan did not belong to Jesus's message but to the world view of his age. People in that day may well have thought evil spirits were the principal cause of illness. They also thought the world was flat.

Just as the New Testament simply accepted as factual the legends of the apocrypha, so too the Fathers of the Church and later Christian tradition unquestioningly accepted as matter of fact the allusions to Satan and demons in the New Testament. The IV Lateran Council in 1215 spoke of the devil and other demons as created

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good by God but becoming evil by their own doing. The teaching of a Council, however, like that of Scripture must be interpreted according to its intention; and the intention of IV Lateran was not to teach the existence of the devil or demons but rather to condemn the unbiblical dualism of the Cathars, who, like the earlier Persians, taught that there are two creative principles, not just one.

The teaching Church has never made any direct, solemn pronouncement about the existence of the devil; it did not have to; his existence was never denied. So too the Church's liturgical and devotional life, influenced by popular belief, simply accepted Satan's existence as taken for granted. It is worth noting, however, that the revised Catholic liturgies of both Baptism and the Eucharist have considerably reduced any mention of the devil. All the more incongruous, therefore, is the fact that Pope Paul should feel pressed into delivering a defense for the existence of a personal devil at this time.

A Neuter Mystery

The Pope, in the address mentioned above, spoke of evil as "a terrible reality, mysterious and frightening." Certainly no Catholic or Protestant, no matter how critical or contemporary, would differ with that. Evil as a neuter concept is something very real, often massive, sometimes mysterious. The cruelty and viciousness, the utter inhumanity exemplified in our time by Auschwitz, the atrocities perpetrated in Vietnam cannot be explained without recourse to the inexplicable dark side of human nature. But moral evil proceeds from the abuse of human freedom and not from some spiritual menace outside us. There is a destructiveness of which we are capable, a forcefulness to hatred that cannot be weighed or measured. There is more to heaven and earth than can be punched out onto a computer card. But neither the mysteriousness of evil nor the authoritative teaching of the Church requires Catholics to believe in the existence of the devil as a person.

The heated, often acrimonious dispute in Germany over exorcism and the devil has come down to the question: may a Catholic see evil as neuter or must it be viewed as personal? Since no one seriously regards the devil as personal in the same, univocal sense as human persons, only "somehow personal" by analogy, the issue has become: is evil a neuter force or "somehow personal." Viewed at a glance, the entire discussion may seem trivial, a quibble over words. More far-reaching in implications for Christian faith and practice than the material question of the existence of a personal devil is the formal issue of fundamentalism or dogmatism.

The conservative Protestant who holds firmly to belief in the devil does so because of an uncritical literal interpretation of the Bible. The traditionalist Catholic upholding the same belief does so because of an unhistorical, literal interpretation of Church doctrines. Both postures are essentially the same, confusing divine revelation with factual information, in this instance, about a spirit world inhabited, among others, by fallen angels. Vatican Council II in its Constitution on Revelation spoke of God revealing Himself and his hidden purpose (#2). Christian faith is the personal response to the revelation of a personal God, preeminently through the life and person of Jesus Christ. Christian revelation is not a divine communication of data about otherwise unknowable "somehow personal" evil spirits.

Professor Haag has described belief in the devil as unchristian, ultimately rooted in paganism. Unfortunately, in neglecting the fantastic mythological origins of the belief, in taking the legends of the apocrypha literally, Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, bear a history of witch-hunts, inquisitions and the execution of innocent victims for sorcery and communication with the devil. Though often enough caricatured into a cartoon character or comedy routine, the symbol of the devil is not as harmless as Mother Nature or the tooth fairy. Demonology can prove highly suggestive to a sensitive psyche or a hyper-active imagination like Anneliese Michel's.

The exorcists of Klingenberg may have been a far cry from those of Loudon or the witch-hunters of Salem, but their firm belief in the existence of a personal devil and the possibility of diabolic possession was no less real than their 17th century exemplars. So long as the Bible and Church teaching are given a literal, fundamentalist interpretation, there will be belief in a "somehow personal" devil. So long as credence is given to a personal devil, there will be belief in the possibility of possession. Is it not striking that atheists do not seem to suffer from diabolic possession?

There are lessons to be learned from Klingenberg not only by bishops in Germany and leaders of the charismatic movement here in America. Demonology is dangerous. If there are demons to be exorcized in the Church, their twin names are dogmatism and fundamentalism.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

ROY SCHEELE

A FRESH SLANT

After the shower the orchard slope
was slick with yellow leaves.
What caught the eye then was the one
remaining apple in the upper boughs,
so ripe the color'd fallen through the skin.
Maybe the picker missed it,
or maybe his reach fell shy.
Maybe he liked its look against the sky.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TASTE OF QUEBEC

ERAZIM KOHAK

Not just a part of Canada where many people speak French

I drove up the familiar road, past Lac Mégantique and on along the Chaudrière, into the land that is in North America without quite being of it, across the mighty river which here is *le fleuve Saint-Laurent*, to the old walled city of Quebec. The *fleurdelisé*, the quartered blue flag of Québec with its *fleurs-de-lys*, greeted me along the way. The taste of Québec surrounded me—the intimate familiarity of a people who belong to a land and to each other. It was two weeks after the election. *Parti Québécois*, whose program includes national independence for Québec, had won a clear majority in the provincial parliament, displacing *les rouges*, the federalist *Parti Libéral* of provincial Prime Minister Bourassa and federal Prime Minister Trudeau. Conversations still echoed the slogan—*Vive le Québec libre!*

But I was coming from the United States. My ears were still tuned to English and the slogan sounded strange. *Vive le Québec* . . . what? *Libre*? Surely, the Québécois are already one of the freeest people on all this sore and oppressed planet! The Canadian Confederation is one of the world's most civilized countries. Québec has a full internal autonomy within it and a half share in its common affairs. Canada's federal government, currently headed by a Québécois, is committed to a policy of bilingualism and biculturalism. Last year, it spent 1.5 billion dollars more in Québec than it took out in taxes. To the individual Québécois, Québec's membership in the Confederation assures a living standard and a range of opportunities which no national mini-state could match. Objectively, the Québécois would seem to have nothing to gain and much to lose by breaking up the Confederation.

Yet it is not only *mongénéral* de Gaulle and a handful of fanatics who raise the cry of *Québec libre!* In the last provincial election, some 57 percent of the voters opted for the *indépendiste Parti Québécois*. Since around 20 percent of the electorate is English-speaking and unlikely to vote *PQ*, the results suggest that nearly three out of every four *francophone* electors voted separatist.

To be sure, there are some conventional explanations. Canada has had its share of economic problems. The left-leaning *PQ* might simply appeal to economic wishful thinking. Then again, the *Parti Libéral* was in power for six years in the 'sixties and then again since 1970. Many voters might simply think it time for a change. Not every vote for the *PQ* need be a vote for independence.

But, conversely, conventional reasons do not explain all the *PQ* votes. There is another explanation. Stop analyzing for a moment, take time to taste this land: listen to its voices, sense the rhythm of its life, its memories, its hopes. You will sense the other, unconventional reason: a nation is being reborn here.

That is something *les anglophones*—the English-speaking North Americans—find difficult to comprehend. Nothing in their experience equips them to understand the idea of a nation in the peculiar European sense of a community intimately linked by a language, a land, a history and a destiny. Their country is a continent, their culture global. To most *anglophones,* nationality is a matter of citizenship, of the passport a person carries. The Québécois carry Canadian passports —surely, they must be Canadians. . . .

To be sure, in addition to their American or Canadian "nationality," most *anglophone* North Americans do claim something they call their "ethnic" heritage, as Polish-Americans or Italo-Canadians. That vestige of national identity, however, appears to them strictly a private peculiarity, charming but publicly irrelevant. They can appreciate the "ethnic" heritage of the people whom they regard, on analogy with other "ethnics," as "French-Canadians," but a movement of national self-determination among them would seem as absurd as if Wisconsin's German-Americans were to demand a *freies Milwaukee*.

The logic is understandable but the analogy hopelessly inappropriate. The Québécois are not "ethnics," essentially *anglophone* North Americans preserving bits of an European heritage. Theirs is a nation that grew in North America alongside the American and, later, the Canadian nation. Along with them it claimed its land and created a culture. The valley of St. Laurent is not just a part of Canada where many people speak French. It is Québec, *chez nous*.

That sense of being at home is easier to feel than to define. Metaphorically, you could say that there are no lonely crowds in Québec. It would be a gross exaggeration, but not an outright lie. The bond is real: the

ERAZIM KOHAK, *a professor in the Department of Philosophy at Boston University, studied at Université Laval and is a frequent visitor to Quebec.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Québécois are not just with each other, they are *entre eux*. Share a beer with the lumberjacks in the Laurentides. Shelter from a downpour under the upturned roof of a stone farmhouse in Kamouraska or the Gaspésie. Or stop to play with the children in a village clustered tightly around the church whose saint's name it bears, somewhere in the rolling country west of the Chaudrière. Your accent will mark you as a stranger but you will sense it still: *Au Québec, vous n'êtes pas là, vous êtes chez nous.*

That is a sense of kinship which Americans ordinarily experience only when they meet by chance abroad, surrounded by strangers. The Québécois, however, have always been surrounded by strangers. They are a nation whose autonomous history begins not with a Revolution but with a Conquest.

For a conquest it was. The original French settlers, from whom present-day Québécois are (or at least feel) descended, were not transient trappers, traders and soldiers. Contrary to legend, they were *habitants,* peasants who tilled the land, made it their own and gave themselves to it. By the time General Wolfe's force drifted up *le fleuve Saint-Laurent* to seal the fate of

la Nouvelle-France in 1759, the *habitants* were no longer the French in Canada. As the English settlers had become Americans, they had become *les Canadiens.* Gen. Wolfe's victory over the French forces on the *Plaines d'Abraham* did not open wilderness to English colonization: it conquered a nation for the Empire.

The mood of two of Québec's oldest churches speaks of it yet. The Notre-Dame-des-Victoires in Place Royale was raised while this was still *la Nouvelle-France,* to commemorate the feats of French arms. Walk through it today, its walls lined with reminders, plaques and votive tablets that reflect its intimate link with this land and its people. Then walk up to the Anglican Cathedral of the Holy Trinity. The people who worship here today can also claim a birthright in this city, though their native tongue is English. The cathedral, however, speaks of other memories. British standards line its walls, the commemorative plaques speak of men who came to a strange land to serve their Queen, strangers in a conquered city. The cathedral complex remains an English island, faintly reminiscent of a garrison compound in a colony. Today, it is all different, yet the memory lingers.

As a matter of historic fact, the conquest was to prove an advantage when France was gripped by the Revolution and England's other thirteen colonies claimed their independence. The Québécois would have been hard pressed to preserve a distinctive identity within the solidly *anglophone,* Protestant United States. It was far easier within England's multi-nation empire, especially since Québec was by far the most important component of that Empire in North America. The Québécois fought alongside their conquerors to repell American invasions. George III recognized their usefulness: by the Act of 1791, he constituted Québec—the *francophone* Lower Canada—an autonomous domain within his North American empire, in effect sanctioning its cultural autonomy in exchange for imperial loyalty.

Present-day Québécois, for all their *indépendiste* moods, remember the value of that symbiosis. They have before them the fate of the other French settlement, Louisiana. There, in the American melting pot, the *créoles* sank to the level of "ethnics," Americans with a peculiar accent. To an American, Justin Wilson's cajun dialect stories may seem quaint. To a Québécois, they are painful—and tragic.

Unfortunately for present-day Canada, the imperial symbiosis did not survive the waning of the American threat and the growth of British nationalism. Cut off from France, open to English immigration, the Québécois found themselves under increasing English pressure. By the late 1830s, rallied by Louis-Joseph Papineau, they first protested, then rebelled. There were some armed clashes, a quixotic Declaration of Independence, then defeat. Following the pattern of their policy in Scotland and Ireland, the English hanged twelve rebels, jailed a thousand more. Lord Durham proposed a final solution: a firm, purposeful and definitive anglicization of the province. In 1840, the Act of Union merged Québec with the English-speaking Upper Canada; the British North America Act of 1867, to this day Canada's constitution, added the rest of Britain's North American colonies. From a nation in its own land, Québécois became a minority in a vast British dominion committed to a policy of anglicization.

Most of the traits which North Americans consider "typically French-Canadian" were shaped by the period of dogged resistance that followed. Québec's conservative Catholicism, for one: the Québécois were always Catholic, but, after 1840, Catholicism became both a symbol and a bastion of national identity. The Church became parochial—and encouraged parochialism. The *francophones,* once voyageurs and explorers, turned inward from an English world. English took over public administration, commerce, education and culture, the Québécois held on to their Church, withdrew into their parishes—and multiplied. Encouraged by the Church,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *revanche des berceaux* brought the *francophone* population of Québec from 1.3 million in 1881 to almost six million in 1971—and that with virtually no *francophone* immigration and with extensive economic emigration to the United States.

The retrenchment preserved Québécois national identity, though at a high price. The Québécois assumed the low profile of cheap and docile labor. Even their language, their most precious heritage, sank in daily use to the level of a patois of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Among the better educated, the "ethnics' " ambivalence of their nationality appeared. To an outsider, Québec might have appeared as an English province where the lower classes speak a patois of their own. Sir G. E. Cartier spoke for the rest: "We are Englishmen who speak French."

With the waning of the British Empire, the Québécois began to raise their sights, first in an attempt to catch up to English-speaking Canada, then to affirm a cultural autonomy within it, then to raise the question of independence. In English Canada, that last step seems incomprehensible: why should one of Canada's provinces split off simply because its people speak French? Québec's memories, however, pose the question differently. Why should Canada inherit British Empire? With the passing of that empire, why should not each of its components, the Maritimes, Québec, Upper Canada, reclaim its independence and chart its own course?

Twenty-five years ago, the answer was obvious. After a century of surviving as cheap and docile labor, Québec simply did not have the prerequisites for independence. Compulsory public education was not even introduced until 1942. Industry, finance, commerce, even culture spoke English. All that Québec had were the memories, the people and the hope. Yet in a space of one generation, a quiet revolution transformed the land. Québécois economy grew and modernized, education opened outward, a new and vital culture emerged, spearheaded by poets. Today, writers like Anne Hébert or Jacques Ferron, film directors like Claude Jutra, sociologists like Marcel Rioux and popular singers like Marcel Vignault are giving the Québécois a renewed sense of national dignity. Perhaps most symptomatically, a cultured French is rapidly displacing the *joual,* the patois of the cheap and docile labor, as the dominant language of Québec. There is a sense of deferred hope in the air: within a generation at most, the nation whose autonomous existence began with a conquest and survived more than a century of anglicization will be ready to claim its independence.

But will and should it claim it? Many Québécois, too, are raising that question. There was a sober undertone in the jubilation which followed the electoral victory of the *Parti Québécois.* The Québécois may be capable of emotions as violent as their subtropical summer, but they are a people of the north, taught realism by their may speak for independence, but their reason tells them long subarctic winters. Their memories and emotions of their real interdependence with (English) Canada.

Canada needs Québec: biculturalism gives it much of its distinct national identity in its cultural confrontation with the United States. But Québec needs Canada, too. It was the federal policy of biculturalism which provided the context for the quiet revolution. Similarly, Canadian economy provided the context for Québec's industrialization. The Québécois will tell you, with their wry humor, that, unquestionably, after independence they will have to eat *d'la merde*—the only question is whether there will be enough to go round. But the need is not economic alone. The Québécois seldom ask it, but an outsider, no matter how sympathetic, cannot help wondering how much democracy, how much freedom a deeply inbred, homogeneous society can preserve, locked into a ministate under heavy economic pressure. The track record in other lands is not good: an independent Québec might not prove all that *libre.*

It is difficult not to sympathize with the longing of the Québécois to stop being ethnics, to stop being a minority, to be, at last, masters in their own country. But it is also difficult not to sympathize with Canadian federalism. If it were successful, it would offer an alternative to the desperate choice of a narrow nationalism and an intolerant imperialism from which Europe has suffered for so long. That federalism may be hobbled at the moment by deeply ingrained attitudes and by its unfortunate constitutional basis in the British North America Act of 1867. But attitudes can change and are changing: each summer, Québec's universities play host to young (English) Canadians eager to appropriate what they experience as the other side of Canada's national heritage. There are alternative constitutional models as well—the act of 1791 may suggest one. Independence, which small European nations are today trying to overcome through the European Common Market, may well be the most expensive, least productive path to national self-determination.

In the wake of the election, René Levesque, the chairman and elder statesman of *Parti Québécois,* said that Québec will be ready for independence when the Québécois nation has achieved full national maturity. When it does, it might well exercise its independence by opting for a Québécois-Canadian confederation. Both Québec and Canada have much to gain by it.

I drove down again along the Chaudrière, across toward Lac Mégantique and the American frontier. The taste of Québec was still in my mouth, the antimate, intoxicating taste of a nation awakening, a people reborn. I am a Czech and a citizen of the United States, doubly a stranger in Québec. And yet I feel at home here. For Québec is not a place: it is *icitte, chez nous.*

Vive le Québec . . . what?

Vivent les Québécois!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFTER DALEY, WHAT?

RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR.

Needed, someone to run the business

For the first time in 24 years, the Democratic Organization of Cook County is looking for a new boss, someone to succeed the late Richard Daley, and it's learning the job can be a tough one to fill.

Some of the dimensions of Chicago's political machine are those of a major corporation. Through its patronage, on public and private payrolls alike, it keeps a large work force. Estimates run from 35,000 jobs up to 45,000 but, at either end of this range, the size of the payroll would be large enough to place The Organization high on the *Fortune* 500. Through its control of public agencies—the City of Chicago, the Chicago Board of Education, the Chicago Park District, the Metropolitan Sanitary District, the Cook County Board, and others—it can influence the spending of hundreds of millions of dollars. Since one of the major industries in Chicago is building Chicago, The Organization uses its clout in real estate and construction. It can be regarded fairly as Chicago's largest plumbing contractor, largest masonry contractor, largest electrical contractor, and so forth.

Consequently, The Organization's ward bosses are looking for someone to run the business, someone to play it on the square inside the family by giving a fair handling to their requests for jobs and for political business, and someone who can also work well outside of The Organization to secure itself financial base, mainly by making sure the climate for land development remains friendly.

Of course, The Organization also runs people for public office. It regularly puts up slates for hundreds of positions—for every city office, every countywide office, every statewide office, and for a dozen seats in the United States House, as many as 80 seats in the legislature, and scores of judgeships. As the election seasons grow longer, The Organization comes closer and closer to running a campaign, somewhere, virtually every day of the year.

Consequently, it also needs someone to guide and oversee all these campaigns. It needs to field strong candidates for every spot, put together some money, find some issues, talk to the newspapers, build up the mailing lists, run the door-to-door canvasses—in short, it must walk through a hundred petty details, all of them crucial to sound political work. Once, this was a long suit for The Organization, but the technical side of campaign work has undergone important changes—and, for a variety of reasons, the intelligent use of polling and media has been lost on the regulars in Chicago. Its candidacies have become steadily more vulnerable to sophisticated campaigns like those run by Charles Percy and the new governor of Illinois, James Thompson. The skills of campaign management are a crucial piece of the boss's job description.

Finally, The Organization needs to make a name for itself. It used to enjoy a solid reputation, but, 15 years or so ago, a *mystique* began to gather in the person of its leader, Richard Daley. More and more, *its* power came to be seen as *his* power. Of course, influence was actually shifting at this time, the Mayor was pulling more decisions into his own hands. Every time he put his finger into presidential politics, for instance, Dick Daley did it solo, and it will be a long time, if ever, before the next boss is courted by national politicians as warmly as he was. Some of the Daley *mystique* was overdone, though, partly because his own press agents puffed it up and partly because the press does find it easier to focus on a person than to try to comprehend an organization, especially if it's large and complex and secretive. Anyhow, it's likely the late Mayor didn't take all of The Organization's power with him into the ground at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, but his heirs in the machine will have to prove it, and do it dramatically.

Consequently, the next boss must be capable of running for Mayor of Chicago and winning by a large margin. The campaign will be a Chicago campaign, of course, but it must play to other audiences as well: the electorates of Cook County and of Illinois, for example, and national leaders of the Democratic Party, particularly President Jimmy Carter. The special election to fill the last two years of Mayor Daley's term will be held in the next six months, the primary set for April 19, followed by the general election on June 7.

The political lore of Chicago suggests that a strong leader of The Organization must hold two separate positions: the office of Mayor, and the chairmanship of the Democratic Central Committee for Cook County.

RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR., *a native Chicagoan, is on the faculty of the University of Massachusetts.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All told, eight men have run The Organization since 1900. Five of them—the best known is Jacob Arvey, the boss for the first years after World War II—were strictly inside men. They didn't hold a public office themselves. They held the party chairmanship and did much of their work offstage. The other three held the chairmanship *and* the office of Mayor at the same time: Anton Cermak, Edward Kelly and Richard Daley. In the annals of the machine, they are acknowledged as its strongest bosses. Somehow, the powers of the chairman and the powers of the Mayor seem to blend magically into the making of a strong leader.

RICHARD J. DALEY — A PERSONAL MEMOIR

MICHAEL McAULIFFE

He never understood me and Christ knows I never understood him. Neither did anyone else with the possible exception of his wife. Meanwhile, dozens of alleged pundits have had a go at him and several wrote the 'definitive words' many hours before they got him into his grave at Holy Sepulchre.

Richard J. Daley laid several bribes on me about forty-five or forty-six years ago. I took them, and I never paid off, so this is a last attempt. His and my code demand at least the effort.

My father's sister, Nora Guilfoyle, a widow with ten children, lived down the road from us on Throop Street, in a neighborhood called Bridgeport, in Chicago, Illinois. It is two and a half miles southwest of the Loop and its back door was the stockyards. No literary luminary, from Upton Sinclair to James T. Farrell to Saul Bellow, has ever succeeded in recapturing or even evoking the recollection of the stench that pervaded our little world from the blood, entrails and hides of the slaughtered animals on a hot summer's day.

It was a ramshackle place, we were all poor. One of the few ways up or out if you weren't brilliant was politics. Most of us, including Dick Daley, were not brilliant. We were Polish, Irish, Czech, a few Germans. Each group had its own church, usually Catholic. Blacks and Jews there weren't. We were urban provincials—often crude, sometimes tough, rarely well-educated, probably scared, and we had needs—many of them.

Although I was an altar boy, I still spent a lot of time in the temporal world of those humble houses, that awful stench, the capacious emptiness of my schoolboy pockets. I developed a racket. I needed one.

My father was a city employee. During the depression they paid in scrip and the boys downtown were cashing it for the boobs at a nice, 15 to 20 percent discount because the city stood behind it. In those days, people seemed to believe in cities . . . "urbi et orbi" as each new Pope says when he lays on the first barucha.

With the cashed-in scrip we managed a cash-flow. It wasn't a flood but one of the few working trickles in the block. From about '30 to '34 our dinner table kept expanding in direct proportion to the number of unemployed bricklayers, steamfitters, carpenters who were our cousins, brothers-in-law, uncles, aunts, nieces and old friends. I lived in this world and also in a ten-year-old's world of needs—for ice-cream cones, candy bars, caps for my toy pistol, with the ultimate a bleacher seat at Comiskey Park, home of the last-place White Sox.

Aunt Nora's daughter, Sis, was being courted by a short, heavy-set guy already in politics. He was going to night school and was also secretary to "Pighead Joe" McDonough, our neighbor and County Treasurer, so named I guess because he was fat, bald, and had distended nostrils. I didn't say we were nice; we had these needs for jobs, food, spending money, and to call each other names.

Pretty soon I knew this young pol's schedule better than his intended, my cousin, Sis. So, I would saunter down to my aunt's living room and get very talkative with the young couple as my aunt hovered a discreet room or two away. The young pol never failed to lay a nickel, dime and, as the romance waxed, sometimes a quarter on me together with a suggestion about where one might get the best ice cream cones in the neighborhood—not the closest place, mind you, but the farthest store where they had the best.

It was an on-going contract. Sometimes I was suffered for five, ten, fifteen minutes, actually conversed with about school, baseball, family news. But, in the end I always got my tribute and they got their privacy. I may well be the only guy on earth who ever grafted Dick Daley for something approaching hard cash with anything resembling consistency.

Please forgive me for the subjective, egotistical hunch that I knew Richard Daley longer, better, and in a more human context than most biographers, commentators, obituary writers, critics, and even lackeys.

To me, the essential thing about him was that he took care of his own. This can be seen as a narrow, xenophobic, and far from purely philanthropic trait. But it is not necessarily a negative one. How many humans, told as the shadow approached that this was to be the inscription on their tombstone, would rail against it?

MICHAEL MCAULIFFE, *formerly of the* Chicago Sun-Times *and* Billboard *magazine, is a communications consultant in New York.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the moment, the two jobs are in separate hands, for the first time since Richard Daley pulled them together almost 22 years ago, and this drops a bit of melodrama into the succession: it's as if the jobs were separate halves of a map of buried treasure, and the plot line called for the pirates to scheme and struggle and try to piece the thing together again.

The office of Mayor is held by Michael Bilandic, a quiet lawyer. He's a product of Daley's neighborhood, Bridgeport, and he served as the alderman of the Mayor's home ward, the 11th. For the past two years, Alderman Bilandic chaired the major committee of the City Coun-

---

He was short, overweight, a disastrous orator. He was more Catholic than the Pope—detested divorce, couldn't tolerate a dirty joke, practiced the deceptive art of nursing a single highball for hours on end with the aid of quarts of soda, pounds of ice. His public relations were abominable. He had the sure, unerring knack of taking on the role of heavy. He didn't give a good goddamn what anybody thought, and one of his few but frequent vulgarities was to tell, or indicate to those in his disfavor (often journalists), that they "can kiss my ass."

It is difficult for me to enumerate a single relative in a typically numeorus Irish family who is not now, or did not spend most of his or her working life on the city, county, state, or federal payroll thanks to his intercession, or "clout" as the numerous observers so often and so aptly described it.

And yet, and yet, there was that day in the '50s that I passed through Chicago, dropped by to see him, and spent about ninety minutes closeted with him and a man named Harry S. Truman. I got up to go a half dozen times but was sat back down—Dick Daley somehow knew that such a "favor" meant more to me than any job he could ever give me and he fulfilled the contract right over any objection I might raise.

There was the man who worked with my father who once joined an insurgent political movement back in the '40s and soon found himself a pariah and out of a job. My father went to see the then patronage-dispenser four or five times. "Dick, he's a hot head and a fool. But he's a good worker and he needs the job." Four times Daley told my father to tell the guy to "Go to hell." But after the sixth visit my father came home in triumph. The man was reinstated. I asked him how he did it.

"I told Dick he was punishing the fellow for his manhood and, goddamnit, I'm his uncle, ain't I?"

Once Richard Daley took the time to tell me his version of John Kennedy's narrow, imperative, eight-thousand-vote victory over Richard Nixon in Illinois in 1960. The story is as arcane as a shyster's spiel but as honest and legal as a page torn from Blackstone.

Few people could look as bad to some, as good to others, as he did because few people have so central a base and the whole nation as a canvas to move around in. He was largely responsible for giving us Adlai Stevenson; at the same time he never seemed to appreciate the towering moral stature of Martin Luther King, Jr., despite many first-hand opportunities to do so. He would likely have done anything save strike a priest for John Kennedy, yet he continually put forward narrow, limited party hacks for local office—men so inept at campaigning and lacking in appeal that they couldn't win with the machine delivering a solid base of votes for them.

My God, he was human—loaded with limitations, foibles, blind-spots, prejudices, ego, and a power drive combined with a sense of omniscience that rivaled de Gaulle's. But underneath all that flesh, those warts, the jumbled sentences, the cold fury visited on the ward committeemen who didn't deliver on election day, the cute Irish "poll" and the rectitudinous Catholic prude, there existed a man whose patron saint was really Santa Claus.

I think one of the reasons he got into the power game was to help all the slobs he knew and was related to who didn't have a notion about how to get their noses near the trough. I believe his will and estate, if made public, will reflect no more wealth than his official earnings and I know that Sis still bakes a lot of her own bread.

So, the fat little autocratic power broker who often looked like Buddha on the tube is gone and are any of us the better for it? I'm not, although I haven't lived in his city for nearly thirty years and hadn't talked to him in a year or so.

Boys and girls, there once was a Santa Claus. He lived in a city he loved and he ruled it for a long, long time. He took care of a lot of slobs who were white, black, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, most of them a lot like him—finite, hypocritical, often mean, sometimes splendid. Every 1,460th day or so, he asked that they repay the favors. The last time out, about 75 percent of them turned out to say, "Yeah, for duh Mair. . . ."

Cunning, loving, sentimental, brutal, devious, honest, loyal to the point of being a neurotic, unforgiving and generous, all these words could be applied to Richard J. Daley. In short, he was a man and, as such, had something in common with da Vinci, as well as Al Capone.

What a pity he died so close to Christmas. He had the reindeer ready to go, he knew every chimney in town, and his bag—well, let me tell you, it was a big one. I know, I got my first present from it nearly fifty years ago. Nor am I ashamed to say that in an atypical, detached, and distant way, I have always been "one of his own."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cil, the finance committee. With this base and the trust of Mayor Daley, he became the Council's strong man. Since the law calls for the Council to choose one of its members to act as Mayor until a special election is held, it wasn't surprising for The Organization's aldermen to pick Michael Bilandic.

The chairman's title is held by George Dunne, a handsome and self-effacing millionaire. He is the boss of the 42nd Ward on the Near North Side. He also serves as president of the Cook County Board—and, as positions of patronage and consequence go, within Chicago's metropolitan area, it is second only to the Mayor's job. For the last 10 years, as The Organization's strongest man in county government, he has handled the requests of his fellow ward bosses for jobs and favors with the county. They seem convinced of his fairness. Since the ward leaders elect the chairman, it wasn't surprising for them to turn to George Dunne.

Michael Bilandic is trying to put the pieces together, but it will be hard for him. He has farther to go than Dunne does. Dunne is holding one of the ingredients, the chairmanship, free and clear, for the time being. Bilandic is holding the Mayor's job on a short-term lease. If he cannot get The Organization to slate him to run for the office, a wand is going to wave somewhere in the next 120 days and he will be snatched back into the City Council, as just one of its 50 members. Also, Bilandic doesn't have a record to run on. This is a problem for a lot of The Organization's officeholders, especially in the Council. For years, they all just sat there, kept their mouths shut, voted the way they were told to vote, and neglected to tie their name to a single idea, a single policy. As a veteran of an important and visible office, of course, Dunne has a long record, with a little something for everybody in it. It's also tough for Bilandic to build on his natural base, his fellow aldermen. In order to become Acting Mayor, he promised them he wouldn't try to run for the real job.

More Likely

Moreover, George Dunne fits the job description. He's a ward boss, but his ward isn't just another ward, because half of it is the Gold Coast, the broad strip of expensive town houses and luxury highrises set off by Chicago's boulevard, Michigan Avenue. This ward has been affected more than any other by the land development policies of the Daley years. As it flourished, so did Dunne, as its political boss and an insurance broker, banker and real estate man. Few people know the values of development as well as he, and few people are as esteemed by the developers. At the same time, his campaign instincts are sound, shaped as they have been by his countywide experience. Dunne has come to understand the political values of suburbia better than most of The Organization's ward bosses. This is where the future of the machine is likely to be decided, for it accounted for the Percy landslide, Thompson's landslide and Gerald Ford's victory in Illinois. Twice, Dunne has swept the suburbs for the presidency of the County Board. Needless to say, he's likely to carry the city well as The Organization's man for Mayor. Mayor Daley's 1975 opponent, William Singer, said he'd be less inclined to run if Dunne is the man to beat.

This isn't to say George Dunne will become the next boss by acclamation. The field could be crowded, even if it won't be quite as crowded as it is now. A number of The Organization's old boys say they might try for the nomination: Michael Howlett, popular in Chicago but a failed candidate for governor, Cecil Partee, the intelligent boss of a South Side ghetto ward and a failed candidate for attorney general, and Roman Pucinski, the alderman and committeeman of a Northwest Side ward, the 41st. William Singer may still decide to take his chances, too.

The prospects for a strong black candidacy seem poor, for several reasons. Congressman Ralph Metcalfe, Chicago's leading black politician, cannot be beaten on the South Side, but he seems a little too old and ill to run citywide or even to sponsor someone else to do it. At the same time, Dunne is far better liked by The Organization's ghetto ward bosses than Richard Daley was. The feelings are strictly personal, not political, but they naturally have a political effect. Finally, several of the city's ghetto politicians have played shrewd hands since Daley's death and they are pulling themselves up a notch or two—in the Council, in the legislature, on the County Board. A lot of pressure is getting eased this way.

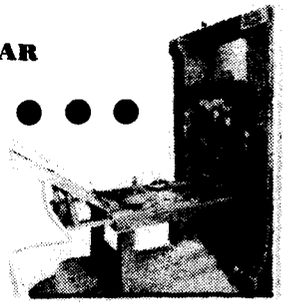
Once, just a few years ago, if people in Chicago tried to foresee what events might attend the passing of Richard Daley, they used strong language, language they felt suited the turmoil of 1968, the ghetto riots, the Democratic National Convention. It was even the custom to prophesy a time for reckoning, or to speak of bills coming due and things falling apart. What the old man's clout held back, they felt, would finally erupt. Well, none of these things has come to pass. It has been a quiet burial.

AN APPEAL: A Benedictine mission in Guatemala needs additional funds to continue its rehabilitation projects set up after last February's devastating earthquake. The town of Tactic is reconstructing houses and operating a clinic specializing in treating eye diseases; in Salamá home-rebuilding and community agricultural projects; in Rabinal the re-establishment of a clinic and wholesale roofing and home-rebuilding. Readers should send funds for Guatemala to Rev. Javier Hillenbrand, O.S.B., c/o Blue Cloud Abbey, Marvin, South Dakota, 57251.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACK TO THE COLD WAR

PRESS



There is only one crucial question facing the modern world, and I guess we all know what it is. It's odd to go back and read *The Guns of August* and think of the time and effort the Great Powers of Europe put into finding ways to speed up mobilization. A day or two might make all the difference then, when my father was a young man. Now he's an old man and it's hard to imagine a major war in which mobilization would matter at all. It wouldn't take long to fire off all the rockets, and after that little would be left but the odd plane or two over the Arctic, on its way to deliver a final, vindictive bomb.

No one would win such a war. No one in his right mind could want such a war, and yet such a war could easily happen. Some people even think it will certainly happen. Major General George J. Keegan, Jr., who retired as chief of Air Force intelligence the first week in January, thinks the Russians expect such a war, are planning for such a war, and may even think they could win such a war. If General Keegan is right we are obviously in bad trouble, but how are we to determine if he is right?

Occasionally a news story comes along which reporters can only grope about in like men in a darkened room, and this is one of those stories. It involves the most fundamental issues of war and peace and it is the subject of the fiercest sort of controversy, but most of the evidence on both sides is secret, the participants are mostly keeping mum, and journalists must feel about for truth with little more than instinct to guide them.

The question of Soviet intentions, of course, is an old one. It is hard to know if the American conflict with Russia is more like Britain's with France in 1816, or Rome's with Carthage. God knows there has been no want of Catos. I once asked a friend and colleague of Allen Dulles in Berne during World War II when it was that Dulles began to shift his concern from Germany to Russia. "Stalingrad," she said.

When the CIA was established in 1947 its major target was Russia, and since the early 1950s its most important piece of paper every year—the document which absorbed the most time and money and aroused the bitterest dissension—has been the "Annual Survey of Soviet Intentions and Capabilities." The first few "Surveys" were about 25 pages long. By the mid-'50s they were up to 100 pages and now they're as much as 400 pages divided into several volumes filled with charts and graphs, facts and figures, touching on just about every facet of Soviet military might and strategic purpose.

The early "Surveys" were short partly because the CIA did not have much information to go on. Most of it came from agents in Europe run by the CIA itself, the British SIS and the German intelligence agency run by Reinhard Gehlen, who had been in charge of German military intelligence on the Eastern Front during the war. There was a good deal of uncertainty about Russian military matters because agents found it hard to operate in the "denied areas" of Eastern Europe and Russia, with their huge and efficient security services.

Now that has all changed. The introduction of U-2 flights in 1956 and of spy satellites somewhat later, in addition to the enormous volume of electronic intelligence—radio traffic, radar signals and the like—collected by the National Security Agency, has allowed the CIA to establish with great accuracy just what the Russians have by way of planes and tanks, submarine pens and hardened missile sites.

That leaves the question of Soviet intentions. As intelligence officers never tire of pointing out, you can't photograph a "forward plan" from the sky. With the exception of Oleg Penkovskiy for a year or so ending in the fall of 1962, the CIA has never had a high-level spy in the Kremlin, which means that Soviet intentions have always been very largely a matter of conjecture. Since we simply don't know what Soviet leaders are saying in the Politburo, we must deduce it from what we do know. This leaves plenty of room for argument, to say the least.

"After the Czech coup in 1948," an early member of the CIA's Board of National Estimates (BNE) told me last spring, "it wasn't a matter of whether they were going to attack, it was just when. Would it come in 1950 or 1951? Or would they wait until 1955?

"For years the military would come in with these inflated estimates of Soviet military capabilities and intentions. They were *all* aimed at the budget. The Air Force would argue they've got the capability of building such-and-such a number of bombers, so they're *going* to build them, so three or four years from now they *will* have 800 bombers."

Since the United States had both nuclear weapons and air bases well within reach of Russia the military had to posit some credible Russian threat to the mainland U.S. Otherwise a war would be brutally one-sided and a poor bet from the Russian point of view, with the implication the Russians would hardly be *planning* such a war. The American military's solution to this dilemma was ingenious: one-way bombing. Russian bombers could not reach U.S. targets and return, but they could make one-way suicide runs. For years one-way bombing was the sole, even faintly plausible Russian threat to the U.S. the military could come up with.

"The imagination that has gone into the Russians," the former BNE member said. "They never built up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their bomber force at all to amount to anything. They jumped right to the missiles, but the military never stopped making the worst case. It's this mania to keep ahead. It never seems to occur to these military men that what the Russians do is out of apprehension. If they could have heard those Air Force generals, my God!"

At that time, and until the system was changed by William Colby, National Intelligence Estimates (NIEs) were argued over by the BNE and then later by the United States Intelligence Board (USIB) chaired by the Directors of Central Intelligence. Early NIEs were sometimes the result of so many compromises and qualifications that they were all but indecipherable, but under General Walter Bedell Smith the estimating process was tightened up. If one of the USIB members, the Air Force or the Navy say, could not be convinced of the CIA's view, it was forced to put its dissenting view in a footnote. Since footnotes had a way of coming back to haunt the dissenters, they were relatively rare.

But even so the process of estimating Soviet intentions demanded a degree of compromise. No one could know for certain, after all, what the Russians were actually planning. "Our answer," said one BNE chairman at the time, according to the man I talked to, "is to say nothing is going to happen in the foreseeable future, and say it in the most alarming way possible."

The intelligence battles over Soviet intentions are as fierce now as they were in the early days of the Cold War. Back in August, 1969, Richard Helms, then Director of Central Intelligence and chairman of USIB, deleted a paragraph on Soviet intentions from an NIE on Russian strategic forces after an indirect but unmistakable order from the Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird. The point at issue was of central importance, the CIA estimators saw no reason to change their view, and the matter was clearly within CIA's jurisdiction, but Laird had his own ideas on the subject, and Laird won. It's worth quoting the paragraph in full to give an idea what the fighting is about.

> We believe that the Soviets recognize the enormous difficulties of any attempt to achieve strategic superiority of such order as to significantly alter the strategic balance. Consequently, we consider it highly unlikely that they will attempt within the period of this estimate to achieve a first-strike capability, i.e., a capability to launch a surprise attack against the U.S. with assurance that the USSR would not itself receive damage it would regard as unacceptable. For one thing the Soviets would almost certainly conclude that the cost of such an undertaking along with all their other military commitments would be prohibitive. More important, they almost certainly would consider it impossible to develop and deploy the combination of offensive and defensive forces necessary to counter successfully the various elements of U.S. strategic attack forces. Finally, even if such a project were economically and technically feasible the Soviets almost certainly would calculate that the U.S. would detect and match or overmatch their efforts.

It ought to be clear that the view expressed here is a fundamental one which goes to the heart of the whole question of peace and war. In the CIA's view Russia was not trying to achieve military superiority over the United States, was not planning a pre-emptive war against the United States, had a healthy respect for U.S. power, and by implication understood that it could not bully the world, but must reach an accommodation with the U.S.

Laird's reason for suppressing this paragraph was not necessarily a belief in the Russian bogey out to conquer the world, but a lot of other pessimists in the intelligence community do believe in the bogey. One of the gloomiest was General Keegan, whose dissent was so fierce in 1974 that he was called to the White House to argue his case. Partly as a result of his repeated warnings the CIA's estimating process was altered last year to include an outside team of seven Soviet and defense experts who operated something in the manner of devil's advocates, challenging the CIA's team of Soviet experts led by Howard Stoertz. The document which came from their sometimes acrimonious deliberations (to judge from the name-calling which has surfaced since) has been described by the CIA as a "more somber" view of Soviet intentions.

It is not yet clear just what "more somber" means, but it apparently includes a guess that Russia spends 11 to 13 percent of her gross national product on arms, rather than the 6 percent or so estimated by the CIA a year ago; that Russia has been consistently increasing spending on arms while the United States has been reducing it and that Russia enjoys a clear superiority in many types of weaponry, and is aggressively pursuing superiority in others. No one seems to be saying that Russia is building a first-strike capability or is planning a kind of nuclear Pearl Harbor. What is foreseen is a possible preponderance of Russian arms of the very sort the United States enjoyed in the Caribbean at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. An independent group of pessimists ranging from Saul Bellow to Maxwell Taylor and William Colby, calling themselves the Committee on the Present Danger, says a new balance of power may soon exist in which "we should face, one after another, bitter choices between war and acquiescence under pressure."

The change in the CIA's estimating process and the broad outlines of the argument have emerged rapidly since the *Boston Globe* first broke the story in December. General Keegan has become something of an instant celebrity, after years of quiet labor in the intelligence vineyard. There has been a degree of anonymous boast-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and complaint by the two teams' experts. George Bush and Leo Cherne of the Board of Intelligence Oversight have both deplored leaks about the new Soviet estimate, and President Carter has been placed on constructive notice that he faces a strong arms lobby which is fundamentally out of sympathy with détente.

But the controversy also raises a stark question which journalists have been visibly reluctant to state baldly, and which they clearly do not know how to resolve: Either the pessimists are right, and increased Russian military spending is evidence of Russian ambition, or the CIA's estimating process, after decades of independence and rough honesty, has finally been politicized.

A lot of skeptics think the CIA's estimates have been political for years, but I don't think that was the case, or at least not entirely the case. During the war in Vietnam, for example, there was terrific pressure on the CIA to find some benefit in the bombing program but you can read the Pentagon Papers from beginning to end without ever finding an estimate which said the bombing was going to "work," in the sense that Lyndon Johnson, Walt Rostow and the Air Force wanted it to work. At the same time, typically, the CIA never said it was *not* going to work either, while conceding, with a bow to the Air Force, that it was doing a lot of damage, was "hurting" the North, was making Hanoi's supply efforts more "costly," etc. The compromise on that issue was a lot like the compromise on the question of Soviet intentions back in the early 1950s, when the CIA said nothing was going to happen, but said it in the most alarming way possible.

That is a long way from the "more somber" view of Russian intentions in the current NIE, if it is really as somber as reports describe it. How, then, are journalists to judge its accuracy, much less its honesty, when they are blocked from all the detailed intelligence data which are the basis of the estimate, insofar as it has a basis; and when participants in the debate will give only cryptic or garbled accounts of what it's all about?

My own instincts tell me that the pessimists are wrong, that the Russians are genuinely committed to détente, not as a cover while they secretly prepare for war, but as the best way of avoiding war. Instinct tells me that the Russians must have learned the lessons of the 20th century, having suffered from them so much already. Instinct tells me you have to be slightly crazy to think the Russians would be willing to lose everything above ground for the pleasure of doing even worse to us. And it is something like instinct which leads me to believe we are watching a tentative replay of the 1950s, an effort by the pessimists, perhaps only half-deliberate, to re-establish the Cold War consensus which once insulated the defense and intelligence communities so effectively from scrutiny.

But instinct is not much to go on, is it?

THOMAS POWERS

MONKEYSHINES

THE SCREEN

During the button craze of the sixties, one of my favorites was, "King Kong Died for Our Sins." It's so true. Like Christ, Kong gathers all possibilities into himself. He is unique in the sense that all of creation is unique, and therefore he is at once both unique and ubiquitous. He is everything, and Everyman. He is that for which there is no other, no opposite. He is the infinite embodied. This is his secret strength. Having existed for over forty years in only one feature and its sequel, not counting Japanese imitations, Kong has nonetheless become as widely known as Mickey Mouse, who had to found an empire to achieve such recognition. (The Kingdom of Kong is within.) Next to Kong, even Rhett Butler is a pipsqueak. Though brought into existence with only a fraction of the financing and hoopla of *Gone with the Wind*, *King Kong* has played to more audiences in more countries than were ever dreamt of in David O. Selznick's philosophy. *Gone with the Wind* never played in a single African theater for years. To do that you have to have the stuffings of which myths are made.

It is in keeping, then, that Dino de Laurentis's new remake of *King Kong* should treat its hero as if he were the most precious of natural resources—as if he were the very wealth of the earth, the innate power of nature itself. The only natural resource which could be a commensurate metaphor for Kong today is oil, of course, so that is the one De Laurentis equates him with. The expedition which accidentally discovers Kong is in fact looking for oil under the supervision of a petroleum company executive named Fred (Charles Grodin). But the atmospheric analysis of an uncharted island which Fred takes as evidence of oil turns out instead to be the exhaled breath of a mammal. Having been confused with oil deposits from the start, Kong is then shipped back to civilization in the hold of a tanker; and at his public unveiling in New York, the shrouds lifted from his cage are even shaped and painted like a gas pump. Thus Kong has been refined the way any load of crude would be. From the wellhead to the consumer, he has been exploited by the same vertical consolidation which, any anti-trust lawyer will tell you, is ripping us all off these days.

While Kong is a despoiled natural resource, he is also a despoiled human resource. When he climbs atop the World Trade Center to make his last stand, the military send in their Cheyenne helicopters, the ones that were nicknamed "Puff the Magic Dragon" in Southeast Asia because they spew 12,000 machine-gun bullets per minute. Another mythical beast of our own creating, Puff is an appropriate nemesis for Kong; and under Puff's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fusillade, this primate Kong suddenly becomes that other Cong whom we tried to kill off the same way. He becomes the enemy who opposes us with the same guerrilla tactics Christ used against the Romans, the enemy who, though slaughtered in the flesh, lives on in the spirit and wins in the end. (We can't deny he has such staying power considering that he has now been resurrected, like Christ, over forty years after we first killed him.) Yet at the same time that Kong is the enemy, he is also we ourselves. His omnipotence lies to a large extent in an omnipresence, in being utterly protean. Kong is that "throttled and pitiful giant" L.B.J. once warned us we would become if we fought a war in Asia. Kong is the all-possessing American hero who yawps in Whitman's "Song of Myself,"

> Do I contradict myself?
> Very well then I contradict myself,
> (I am large, I contain multitudes).

Containing the multitudes of the world at large, Kong of course contains all the characters in De Laurentis's film as well. He contains, for instance, both the hero and heroine, who are but aspects of Kong's own personality. The hero is Jack (Jeff Bridges), a zoologist who stows away on the oil expedition, and the first time we see him we are struck by what a hairy ape he is with his untrimmed hair and full beard. The heroine is Dwan (Jessica Lang), who has only a single, peculiar name like Kong, and the first time we see her, since she is adrift in a lifeboat as mysterious and unexpected as Kong's island, we realize that her fate too must be tied to his.

The momentous events in Kong's story all occur through a kind of transference between him and the other characters, a kind of animal magnetism which always seems to draw down upon him the consequences of their actions. Again, we feel that they are all somehow only part of him to begin with. When Kong starts raging just as Jack is about to score with Dwan, she rushes off to sooth Kong instead. Having been seduced by Jack, she makes love to Kong as if they were, man and beast, one and the same. When papparazzi swarm around Dwan, Kong breaks out of his cage because he thinks she's in danger. But when he lies dying later, those same papparazzi storm up his chest like the Marines onto Iwo Jima to photograph his death agony. It is as though, having attacked Dwan, the papparazzi have killed Kong.

In a way the papparazzi are what have killed him, too. He is a victim of their world of publicity and celebrity. Nevertheless, De Laurentis's film never allows us to lose sight of the fact that Kong is also the victim of himself. Like his kingdom, his only real enemy is within. What topples him off the World Trade Center is not finally either the helicopters or the papparazzi, but the fact that his own passion knows no bounds. In this reincarnation De Laurentis has given him, Kong therefore remains the same tragic figure he was in the 1933 version of *King Kong*. De Laurentis rolls out no artillery heavier than those few helicopters to kill Kong because he wants us to recognize that Kong's fate is in truth self-inflicted. And in the same vein, while De Laurentis realizes he must make his characters smaller than life in order to make Kong seem bigger, he doesn't make them so small that their feelings are non-existent or arbitrarily changeable. Consequently, Dwan and Jack remain true to Kong, and a part of his personality, even after he's dead. As they confront one another in the crowd beside his corpse something in them seems to have gone dead too, for they are *not* able to fall into each other's arms. In this closing note, as elsewhere, De Laurentis shows himself a producer with considerable restraint and wit.

For all that, however, the new film will never have the same sway with us that the old one has. De Laurentis's version is limited in this respect by its own financial resources and spectacularity. The one place where De Laurentis has shown neither wit nor restraint is in the promotion of his film, which began over a year in advance. In all the ads, for example, far from being shot down by a couple of helicopters, Kong is shown crumpling up a whole jet fighter in one hand like a beer can. With an advertising blitz like this, De Laurentis's film is perhaps *too* central a document of our time to become a genuine legend. Great myths come, like Kong himself (or Christ), out of nowhere. They begin in some hinterland and take us by surprise. Their origins are obscure the way the authorship of the Bible is, or of the 1933 *King Kong*, which almost certainly didn't originate with the writer, Edgar Wallace, who shares the screen credit for it. Whoever came up with the original idea for *King Kong*, to have made the film the first time required real inspiration. To have made it a second time, maybe even to have made it better in some ways, required only intelligence.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

FELIX STEFANILE

SAYING SORRY TO YOU

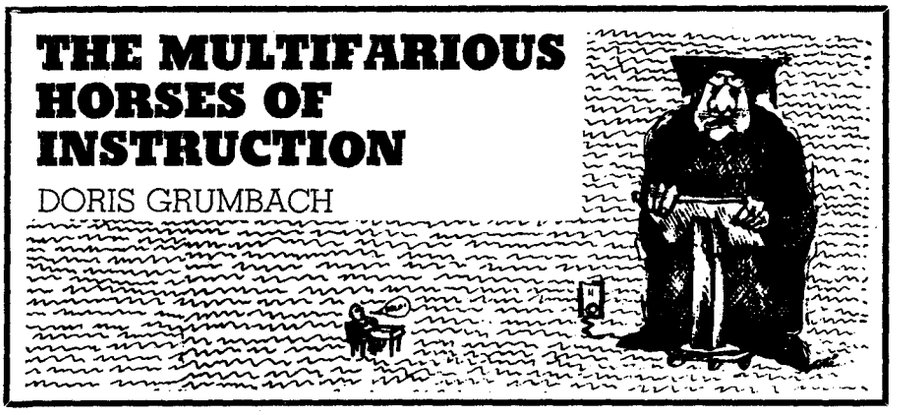
Saying sorry to you
is like climbing the stairs
to the landing,
where the little table is,
and the vase with one flower in it,
your match in the dark.

And there you are in the room,
sewing by the open window,
humming to yourself.
Outside, the mourning dove
has just picked up his flute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MULTIFARIOUS HORSES OF INSTRUCTION

DORIS GRUMBACH



THIS IS THE fourth account of the annual meetings of MLA I have written. The acronym may be unfamiliar: the Modern Language Association, organized in 1883 to "promote and advance all aspects of the study of modern languages and literature," now has a membership of more than 30,000 college, junior college and university teachers of language and literature. I first reported the MLA Uprising of December 1968 when a "radical caucus" of politically active professors decided to start their part of the radical transformation of American campuses by taking over the governing body of the august society, then eighty-three years old. The rebellion was led by M.I.T. professor Louis Kamp who got himself arrested in the halls of the Americana Hotel for putting up a poster which read: *The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.*

In that same year the radical caucus packed the usually sedate, dull business meeting and passed resolutions against the draft, the Vietnam war, the meeting in the following year in Chicago (to protest Mayor Daley's recent police brutality at the Democratic convention). It insinuated onto the officers' slate its own nominees so that for a few years to come the presidency of the Association was in the hands of political activists.

It seemed after that meeting that MLA would never be the same. In Denver the next year half as many members appeared as had in New York, and the resolutions dealt with such issues as a call to colleges and universities to oppose state laws forbidding contraception and abortion, and to support the provision of free information on these matters to all students and faculty members. Things were growing more real, at least; for back in 1947, as Northrup Frye told us in his speech this year, there must have been a resolution which empowered the executive committee to send an inscribed drinking mug to a baby who had been named Pamela, after the magazine *PMLA*, the Publications of MLA.

Following the takeover at the business meeting in '68, a delegate assembly had been formed to deal with association business. This December, as I sat behind the red-velvet ropes separating spectators from the delegates with about twelve persons, everything was once again decorous, sedate and dull. Scholarly manners had reasserted themselves: the only resolution with any teeth in it was one "strongly urging the passage of ERA by all states," and regretting "the necessity of holding its (MLA's) 1977 convention in a state (Chicago, Illinois again) which has to date failed to ratify ERA." It passed, comfortably.

What were the actual meetings like this year? Had the great moves of political-minded members had their permanent effect? In some ways, quite simply, yes. The '68 Revolution was opposed to the restrictive, non-participatory, small number of sessions, to the old-boys method of choosing subjects and speakers, to the complete lack of democracy in governance and decision-making. Seventy-six saw the logical extension of that opposition: instead of the less than 150 sessions held in 1966, for example, 700 were held this year. It took 62 pages of a massive issue of the journal PMLA just to list the meetings, which ranged from large forums to division meetings to discussion groups to section meetings, workshops, society meetings (The Dickens Society, The International Courtly Literature Society) and "special sessions."

Any fifteen members could get together, under the new dispensation, and form a session, thus providing its organizers and speakers with that most desirable entry on their *curriculum vitae*, a "paper" at MLA. Four hundred special sessions were held, on such subjects as "The Sermon in England, 1650-1750," "Neo-Latin," "Dorothy Sayers," and *my* favorite which I didn't get around to attending: "Ideology and Narrative Technique in Television: A Semiological Analysis of Gynocentric Serial Dramas," which would have been called, in any other place, "The Study of Soap Operas."

Old-timers moaned audibly about the multiplicity of meetings and subjects, causing William Schaeffer, the association's executive secretary, to remark that more is more, not, as some contended, that more is less. He felt that individual members now had more chance to be part of the goings-on, "on something approaching a human scale." This atomization produced papers that verged on the arcane, such exotica as "American Women's Poetry: That Generation Before Ours," during which a paper was read on the poetry of Lola Ridge (!?). There was a rousing session on "Homosexuality in Asian Literature," which heard a paper on Homosexuality in Urdu Court Poetry presented. There was "Semiotic (*the* in word this year: semiology is the science of signs and symbols and their role in culture and society) and Iconographic Approaches to Shakespeare and Samuel Johnson," and "The Libretto as Literature: the Settecento."

But Schaeffer was wrong. Almost 10,000 members jammed the seven hundred meetings which resembled the

DORIS GRUMBACH *is the former Literary Editor of* The New Republic.

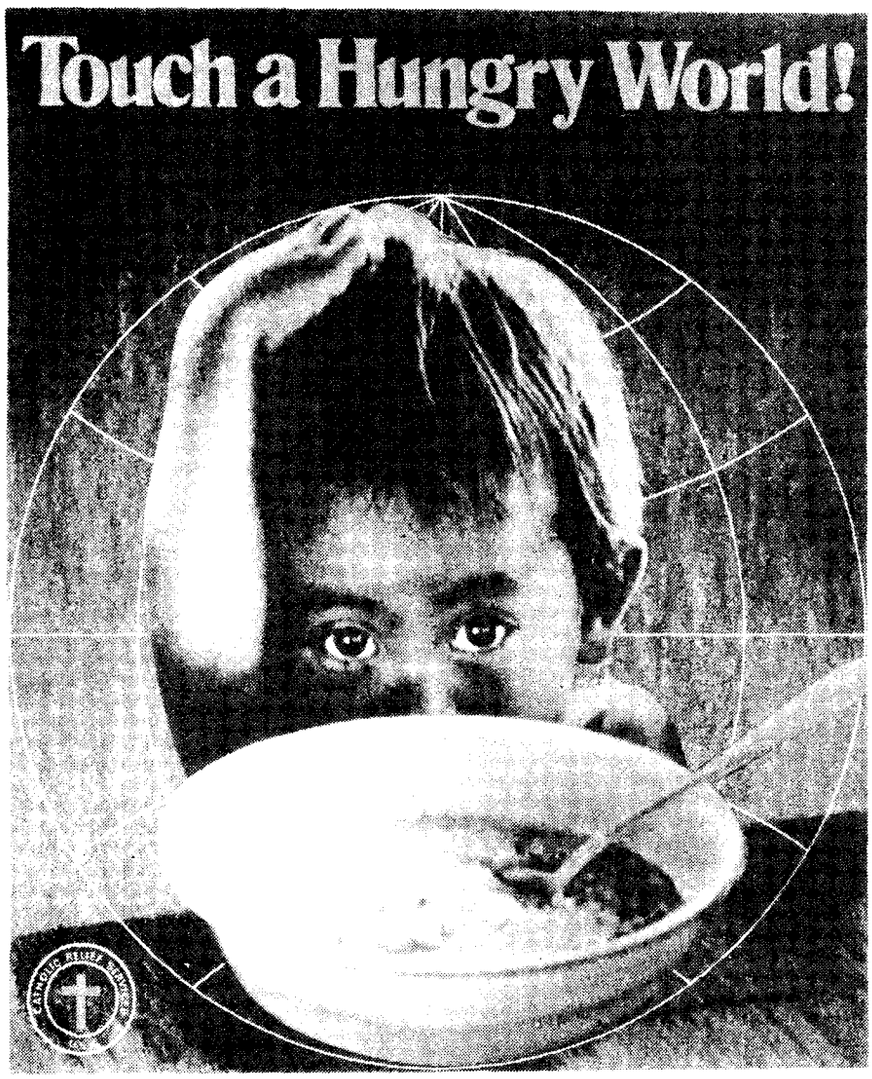
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old, big ones in everything but size. At special sessions papers were read at too great length, very often, to allow for any participatory discussion; the listeners sat inarticulate and incommunicative as always. English professors have not changed: they still occupy twice the time allotted for their papers, and so the special sessions became old-style forums—in fine.

If this year's meeting had a theme (in '68 it was political action in the humanities, in '70 the Black phenomenon, last year was heavy with papers on and about women) it was Gay/Lesbian life and literature. There were meetings to discuss professional security for gay teachers, and many sessions—24 in all—to deal with bibliography, lesbian and gay literature, same-sex friendships in children's literature, language in the gay community, etc., etc. The ones I attended were marked by much heat, and occasional light. Most of the gains in that area were not scholarly but social: the gay academic community is serious and open about itself now, and moving toward a serious look at literature from its special vantage-point. All was not sunshine and light however: there was a Lesbian Feminist Poetry Reading, at which Jodi Braxton, the black poet, was announced as a participant, but the MLA Convention Daily had to announce, somewhat ruefully, that "Jodi Braxton is not a lesbian feminist and will not participate in meeting 195."

By my informal count at least forty sessions dealt entirely with women in literature, so the great breakthrough accomplished by the creation a few years ago of a Commission on the Status of Women in the profession has affected the program. All the expected figures—Glasgow, Sand, Cather, Lessing—were discussed. Virginia Woolf had two sessions devoted to her, Emily Dickinson two as well, May Sarton, for the fourth straight year, was enthusiastically, if not always accurately, talked about in a session devoted to her. There was a meeting on "The Prostitute in 19th century French Literature," and a pleasant evening devoted to Elizabeth Bishop at which the poet read her work, papers were read about her work, and some of her poems set to music by Elliot Carter were performed. At some of the larger feminist sessions the tone of feminist rage still could be discerned: Kate Millett and others at a woman's studies section substituted sarcastic and careless rhetoric ("victimization," "oppression," raucous laughter at every mention of male critics from the huge feminine audience, etc.,) for scholarship.

Light notes: I passed a small room on the first day which had a sign at the door: "Fallen Women in 19th century Lit." Meets Here. . . . Some film meetings were sparsely attended. One paper I heard might have accounted for it: "Semiology of Eisenstein Montage." . . . Canceled, with a note on the closed door: "Gay Caucus on French Lesbian Writers." . . . Only activist note in the four days occurred when a young woman, Jane Schroeder, broke into the University Press's large forum on "The Scholar and His Pub-



American Catholic Overseas Aid Appeal

Here's your opportunity to do something concrete to Touch a Hungry World. An estimated 450-million persons on this great Planet Earth are victims of acute malnutrition. Join with your neighbors in this community in helping expand the global feeding programs of Catholic Relief Services—by contributing to the 1977 American Catholic Overseas Aid Appeal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lisher" with a confused but indignant protest about the sexist use of the pronoun, "and at a *language* association meeting," she shouted. The speaker was unperturbed, went on with his remarks, the protester left. . . . Most poignant note: a black vinyl briefcase with chrome trim marked "Richard Sherry" was lost. The finder was asked urgently to call Mr. Sherry. "It contains portions of his dissertation."

What does all the commotion, the cocktail parties by publishers and periodicals, the hundred or so booths in the book exhibit, the confabs in the hallways of the Sheraton and the Americana come to? Very little, for the hundreds of graduate students, recent Ph.Ds and Ph.Ds from last year and the year before who have not been able to find teaching jobs, and who swarmed daily into the rooms set apart for interviews. The employment situation in higher education is still bad. There are a few jobs here and there, almost all of them one-year appointments teaching Freshman composition in junior colleges, or at night, in East Lansing and Orono and Nigeria and Walla Walla. There is very little mobility in the profession, professors at the top ranks are blessed with longevity and a stubborn hold on their places, and a whole generation of young scholars, because of budget cuts, falling registrations and severe shortages of everything, is suffering, with the real possibility of being lost.

As for the rest, the same amount of solid, substantial scholarship seems to be going on, with perhaps a more than usual of often ephemeral stuff being loosed upon the air in "special sessions." Yes, Louis Kamp had a good slogan there. However only in eight years, the terms of it have changed, the tigers of wrath have gone away, and the horses of instruction are now in the saddle. *There's* a mixed image, fit subject for semiotic analysis, on a human scale, of course.

BOOKS

UPDIKE & GARDNER: DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS

THOMAS LeCLAIR

October Light
JOHN GARDNER
Knopf, $10.00

Marry Me: A Romance
JOHN UPDIKE
Knopf, $7.95

In *October Light* a Bennington coed asks her dance partner if he has read anything by John Updike, Gardner's nod of recognition to a fellow practitioner of spirit-flecked realism. With Bellow, Gardner and Updike have resisted both language games and the apocalypse of fact by continuing with narrative leavened by the possibility, at least, of transcendence. In *October Light* and *Marry Me*, they write of men "born in an age of spirits" (Gardner's phrase) but living with few visible reminders of this past, anachronistic men in consciously anachronistic novels. Gardner and Updike are skillful and necessary resisters. I wish they had written better books.

Like Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, *Octboer Light* is about the "unlocking" of an old man with hard opinions and little charity. James Page, a 72-year-old Vermont farmer, has an unchurched belief in "the battle of spirit up through matter," rigid Yankee principles, and contempt for the present. Sickened by his older sister Sally's TV, he shoots it and chases her into her bedroom, where she stays to set up a mighty conflict of wills that Gardner uses to examine the principles that lock James and "modernist" Sally into their comic but nearly destructive combat. While they contest each other's righteousness, they consider how their experiences have brought them to their impasse and how it affects their family and friends.

Gardner's materials are the familiar ones of family chronicles—marital problems, parental failures, the twining of guilt and love—but with an interesting perspective of place, a Vermont small town where memory is long but the growing season is short. This perspective and its attendant language, the not quite Rockwellian minor characters, and the unlocking of James Page's armored self in his late October would have sufficed very nicely. But Gardner is defensive about this kind of fiction, and it is this defensiveness that spoils the book.

When forced into her bedroom retreat, Sally finds a beat-up paperback entitled *The Smugglers of Lost Souls' Rock*. A Pynchonized *Dog Soldiers* with a sci-fi ending, it kills much of her time and about a third of Gardner's novel. Sally believes *Smugglers* is "trash," yet it begins to influence the way she thinks about her brother and the past. Gardner's point here and elsewhere in the novel is that literature (along with other media) *does* affect behavior and, implicitly, that the novelist has a responsibilty to tell an ennobling truth.

Even if this is true, the novel within *October Light* is a ham-handed way of demonstrating it. And perhaps inconsistent too, since *Smugglers* is hardly affirmative. Too long to work as parody and too meager to be taken seriously, Sally's book is reading only for a shut-in with a shotgunned TV. In his attempt to defend the out-of-fashion fiction that is the strength of *October Light*,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gardner ends up writing a contemporary cliché. His Vermonters sometimes sound like impressions done by a "flatland furiner" to this native, but they remain superior to the literary voices that "furiner" brought to Vermont with him.

Updike is also nervous about his materials—marriage, morality, and religious faith—in *Marry Me*. In *A Month of Sundays* he made his adulterer a minister so readers presumably liberated by books like *Couples* could accept that there might be someone left who could slip on religious scruples in his dash to sexual freedom. In *Marry Me* Updike puts his agonized Christian back into 1961, "the twilight of the old morality" when a few suburbanites were still Christians, and calls the book a romance. Seeming to assume that adultery and sin are an outmoded or unfashionable combination for a contemporary setting, Updike pretends to create an anachronism though the novel is about the present. Neither anachronism nor romance, though, is an excuse for the triviality of character and the slackness of language that make *Marry Me* an embarrassing twitch of a major talent.

Marry Me has four characters and six or so children. Jerry Conant is the throwback, a death-fearing, Barth-reading Lutheran who loves his wife Ruth, his children, and Sally Mathais, who is married to Richard. They all are about thirty, live in "Greenwood," and enjoy the beach. Jerry and Sally have an affair. Little do they know that Richard and Ruth have had an affair! As it happens, Jerry really loves Sally, who makes him feel alive, and Sally really loves Jerry because he fills her up. They'd like to get married, but Jerry has these terrible pangs of conscience. He's afraid he'll lose his immortal soul if he marries Sally, and besides he doesn't want her to be the one to comfort him on his deathbed. Of course, Ruth and Richard find out and complications heretofore unimagined by Jerry and Sally ensue.

It is easy to reduce *Mary Me* to silliness in this *Soap Opera Digest* fashion because Updike's sensibility here is sentimental and self-indulgent. Fine to create people who have little to think or say beyond predictable commonplaces, ordinary people in all too common circumstances. But to write about them in those same commonplaces and to adopt their sentimentality (easy love, easy despair) are lamentable mistakes. Updike takes his characters much more seriously than he makes them. He flourishes his now familiar theology *in extremis* as though it could not fail to enlist our sympathy for Jerry Conant in his struggles against an atheist, Unitarian, and fallen-away Catholic. Updike does make Ruth Conant more than the wronged woman, but the Mathiases remain 1961 exotica, the kind of people (self-confessed) who have children because their analysts think it would be healthy.

There is an admirable doggedness to *Marry Me*. It resembles one of those specialty gifts made of string-suspended ball bearings that knock into each other for what seems to be perpetual motion. Jerry, Ruth, Sally, and Richard are strung in their marital frames, punishing themselves and each other until they wear down to inaction. But up close the book is long stretches of banal conversation, art school metaphors, gauzy poeticisms ("ferny fragrance," "loamy farms," "skyey loops"), and big statements. One of them, at least, is true of *Marry Me*: "any romance that does not end in marriage fails." In Updike's romance, the words "marry me" are in the end only a fantasy.

The Runaway Church

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE

Seabury, $8.95

JOHN GARVEY

For a long time Catholics equated religious change with frivolity, even with heresy; it was something for all those others. Many Catholics lived as if the Vatican had been lowered from heaven on a blanket, and if a lot of Protestants believed that it had ascended from another direction they were at least reassured that Catholicism was a constant.

The Second Vatican Council was thus without a doubt one of the most significant events in Christian history. The changes it introduced into the lives of Catholics have had effects so profound that no one really knows what will come of them. Even the most orthodox Catholic will admit, maybe after a couple of drinks, that his belief has undergone some major change as a result of the Council, or at least as a result of the times the Council was catching up with. One of the oddest side effects is the disturbance of non-Catholics, some of whom felt the earth tremble with the shift from Latin to the vernacular. (An agnostic I know even claims to be upset by the new form for the rite of penance. I'm not sure I believe him.) Most Catholics welcome the changes; others deplore them. For all of us they have been profoundly important, and now that more than a decade has passed since the end of the Council we can begin to interpret their meaning.

This is what Peter Hebblethwaite does in *The Runaway Church*. In his introduction he says that the Council "set in motion a process which, once started, the official Church was powerless to halt." Before the Council most Catholics made no real distinction between "the official Church" and the mystical body of Christ. Many of those who did sense the difference left the Church or, like Lord Acton, suffered a lonely existence within it. But with the Council the center of authority is no longer simply the Vatican. The official papal line is now generally seen as one of the extremes (this is especially true since *Humanae Vitae*) and not the center. That center is still in the process of defining itself, and the resultant ferment is more like pre-Nicene times than it is like the Reformation, to which it is more frequently compared.

You can deplore or ignore this ferment—Rome tries to do both at once—or you can regard it with hope, as Hebblethwaite does. "In the past," he writes towards the end of his book, "every hint and rumor of conflict tended to be suppressed. The front re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mained solid. The bland led the bland. But what was suppressed did not disappear: it simply went underground and poisoned the Church's life, causing bitterness and frustration. The openness of conflicts in the post-conciliar Church represents a victory for honesty, and it transforms our idea of the Church: no longer a vast monolith marching inexorably forwards and brushing aside the accidents of history, it becomes a people, with all the diversity, turbulence, pressure groups, public opinion and tough argument that characterize a real people."

This has not yet been appreciated at an official level, according to Hebblethwaite. Under Pope Paul's pontificate the spirit of the Council "has died 'the death of a thousand qualifications.' In Roman style an adjective is frequently used to undermine a noun. Thus to be in favor of 'sound ecumenism' sounds like being in favor of ecumenism, but the implications of 'sound' cut it down to size and make it the equivalent of 'officially approved.' Similarly, 'healthy criticism' is needed in the Church, while 'unhealthy criticism' must be avoided like the plague. In this way the rhetoric of Vatican II has been maintained, while its substance has been drained out."

But even in the Vatican there is hope, and while he is critical of Pope Paul, Hebblethwaite also cites his genuine humility, his great desire to serve, and the genuine achievements of his time in office. Similarly, he praises the work of the Vatican's International Justice and Peace Commission: it is in part thanks to its official, if often quiet, encouragement that "regimes which confidently expected the Church to go on producing loyal and docile citizens who would invariably be on the side of law, order, and the establishment have been disconcerted time and time again." Hebblethwaite finds hope even in the handling of the Küng case, although here he is caustic: "The tactic was simple: write a document which contradicts Küng, and then point out that Küng contradicts the document." But when the censure came, "it was the mildest form of rebuke compatible with saying anything at all." He finds a welcome change from the style of the past in the fact that at no time was Küng's sincerity publicly questioned, nor was it suggested that his right to teach be withdrawn.

Hebblethwaite's balance is so rare that he makes fairmindedness look like an extreme. He is as uncomfortable with the jargon of the left as he is with the pomposity of the right, and he distrusts the absolutism which movements tend to produce. His sympathies are clearly with the left, yet he believes that the charismatic movement could be helpful to political Christians, who could use a dimension of prayer, just as the charismatics could benefit from social commitment. He is sympathetic to Third World theologies of revolution, but sees a danger in the possibility that Marx, and not Christ, might be the criterion which becomes absolute when revolution becomes an absolute necessity.

In his final chapter, "The Crisis and the Fourth Man," Hebblethwaite moves from the interpretive reporting of the earlier parts of the book into a reading of the patterns which have entered the life of the Church since the end of the Council. That chapter (excerpted in *Commonweal* a few months ago) can be read separately, but the preceding chapters give it added depth. The "fourth man" of the title is not the

REVIEWERS

THOMAS LECLAIR is an assistant professor of English at the University of Cincinnati.

JOHN GARVEY is an editor with Templegate and the author of *Saints for Confused Times* (Thomas More Press).

JOHN DRUSKA is a writer who currently teaches high school in Indianapolis.

MICHAEL ZEIK is a member of the faculty of Marymount College, Tarrytown, N.Y.

FATHER RAYMOND A. SCHROTH, S.J., the author of *The Eagle and Brooklyn* (Greenwood), is associate editor of *Commonweal*.

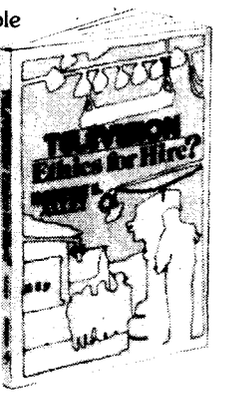
JAMES R. KELLY teaches in the sociology department at Fordham University.

TV— Morals Molder?

Television: Ethics for Hire?
A Constructive Look at TV's Creative Community
Robert S. Alley

Is Archie Bunker a bigoted WASP or a dispenser of lower middle class ethics? Is *MASH* a war "comedy" or a realistic (though dramatized) portrayal of the futility and nonsensical nature of war?

TV: Ethics for Hire? goes directly to industry professionals for help in answering important questions about television and its power as a transmitter of ethical values. Over forty directors, writers, and producers were interviewed. Among them are Earl Hamner (writer, *The Waltons*), Norman Lear (producer, *All in the Family, The Jeffersons,* etc.), Alan Alda (actor, *MASH*), and many other creative people from behind the scenes and in front of the cameras. Interesting and important to everyone who watches the "tube." $4.95, paper



at your local bookstore
abingdon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservative or the progressive, or the "third man" of François Roustang's definition, who is indifferent to the questions raised by the Church. Hebblethwaite's "fourth man" represents the growing number of Catholics who "remain within the Church while recognizing that they are in conflict with it on major points. . . . They not only remain within the Church out of conviction, they cannot conceive of leaving it, and for a very simple reason: they think of the Church simply as humanity in so far as it has recognized, however falteringly, its vocation in Christ. They can no more leave the Church than they can take leave of humanity. To do so would be a form of spiritual suicide." This understanding is an outgrowth of the Council's emphasis on the Church as a pilgrim people, a people who have been given a share of God's life and who are moving towards a Kingdom which has not been fully realized. It can be argued that this has yet to be accepted by the official Church; for that matter, it has yet to be accepted fully by any of us. It is a slowly dawning reality, and to see it requires the hope embodied in this book, which is honest about the Church's corruption but encourages the reader to see beyond it, understanding that the Church is a greater reality than the "official Church," which will in the long run catch up.

The strength of this excellent book is that in the end it leads you to feel what Peter Hebblethwaite calls "the hope for the Church which makes faith possible."

Selected Poems by Austin Clarke

THOMAS KINSELLA, Ed.

Dolmen/Wake Forest, $6.95

JOHN DRUSKA

Austin Clarke's *Selected Poems* draws us, chiefly by its narrative strength, into a split-vision of his world. The speaker of "From a Diary of Dreams" represents this effect:

> . . . the past, the present, intermixed.
> I loiter in now-and-then, am bilocated
> A saint, victim of diabolical tricks(:)

Clarke's narratives are often meandering, reflective. His world is clearly Irish, revealed to us at times in richly-detailed travelogue poems—the view of a raven moving across the landscape in "Cypress Grove" or of the poet driving his motorcar south of Dublin, toward Wicklow and "Beyond the Pale." Travelogues, though, that take us through times as well as places, so that going "Beyond the Pale" brings us at least to a figure of Ireland personified that derives from and hearkens to roles she has played in the works of ancient Celtic bards:

> Now, after a century of rags, young girl
> With skin the insolent have fondled, Earl
> And settler in his turn, the Hag of Dingle
> Is stretching. Eire, clamant with piety,
> Remembering the old mythology.

Even in place, during his performance of the apological (hardly apologetic) "Forget Me Not," or addressing us from the pulpit in "A Sermon on Swift," Clarke is impelled to travel, back through his own and his country's memories, and forth to his colored, frequently critical view of the present. In "Forget Me Not" the "rough street-words" of the past, with "chaff in them," sound amid horses and men going to work as a nostalgic counterpoint to modern times:

> . . . the trick of knife left, horse cut
> To serve man. All the gentling, custom of mind
> And instinct, close affection, done with.
> . . . Greed with a new gag of mercy
> Grants happy release in our whited abbatoirs.

Reminiscence and dream—of past scenes, of illicit pleasures, of madness—permeate the world of Clarke's poems. And through his reflective travels, as in shorter, more straightforward poems (some of them lyric), Clarke keeps lighting the way with telling images: "the fiery dice/of wineshops at the harbour" in "Marriage Night," or in "Ancient Lights" the crucifix "Black with lip-scrimmage of the damned." Reading *Selected Poems*, then, is something like watching Clarke unroll vivid and variegated scrolls of his time and of Ireland's ages, intermixed.

Although one of his keen inclinations was toward satire, many of the poems Thomas Kinsella has chosen as "Clarke's poetry at its best" suggest that his is a musing, deflected satire, in some instances barely Horatian and often too predictable, almost as if Clarke had little time to spare, moving through scene and incident, toward investing his ridicule or rage in his poems. Clarke's sallies against the anti-natural bias of the Church constitute one of his more persistent satiric attacks. Their pricks range in tone from "The Envy of Poor Lovers," in which an unmarried couple are "lying in the grass as if it were a sin/To move" and are "Ready to share that ancient dread . . . / . . . of Ireland keeping company with them" to Clarke's astringent portrayal of the confinement and crippling enervation of Bernadette after her vision in "Orphide." Still, Clarke usually sounds like a gentle satirist. In retrospect his satire typically creates what Brendan Kennelly calls "a critical, compassionate view of contemporary Ireland." (Introduction to *The Penguin Book of Irish Verse*, 1970.)

Kennelly, John Montague and other critics class Clarke (1896-1974) and Patrick Kavanagh (1904-1967) as the two major figures in Irish poetry between Yeats and younger poets like Kinsella, Seamus Heaney and the critics themselves. While Kavanagh grew leery of counterfeit faery mists and consciously bore away from the Celtic Revivalism roused by Yeats, Clarke is said to have followed Yeats in using the Gaelic past to inspire a new Irish poetry written in the resident-alien English tongue.

Clarke comes closest to the Celtic in Yeats in his earlier works, *The Cattle-drive in Connaught* (1925) and *Pil-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grimage and Other Poems (1929) for example. In addition Kinsella's selections from the first Collected Poems (1936) show Clarke's Yeats-like nationalistic sympathies. It's interesting, though, that Kinsella devotes only twenty-four of 188 pages to poems from the Clarke volumes published before 1955 (actually 1917-1938, since Clarke apparently ceased writing poetry for seventeen years and published in the interim just one slim volume, that in 1944). An eighth of *Selected Poems* covers about a fourth to a third of Clarke's books, the work of half his career.

It's interesting because through his selections Kinsella succeeds in giving us Clarke in *his* strength, as his own poet rather than as an acolyte to Yeats. Kinsella makes a point of saying that he is not trying "to 'represent' (Clarke's work) as a whole . . . (it) is uneven. He was capable, at any stage of his career, of writing poorly." The narratives that attract me most in *Selected Poems,* beginning with the title poem of the 1955 volume, *Ancient Lights,* and including the first three I've quoted above, disclose Clarke writing well by converting his own experience, via his sentient wandering through it, into a personal witness of the times. He's not ruminating toward Byzantium aboard a contrived symbology; he is living in Ireland.

Admittedly, Clarke contrives throughout his work to adapt elements of Gaelic prosody to English verse; he appears to lean often toward the formalized performance—the dramatic mask of Maurice Devane to enact his own breakdown in "Mnemosyne Lay in Dust," for one; and in his later long poems—"The Dilemma of Iphis," *Tiresias*—he submerges himself entirely in borrowed myth. Nevertheless, many of his poems from 1955 on and some before, all those in the book which sound truest, ensorcell the reading by virtue of the extent to which Clarke relaxes from roles of mythmaker or sage and reveals himself as a vulnerable traveler in the world, vulnerable to us through his poems. In the end, too, the speaker's sensitivity in "Mnemosyne" makes the mask there virtually transparent; several observers, in fact, consider it Clarke's most personal poem. And even his last myths expose Clarke as vulnerable in a way: the poet offering us playful, atemporal, self-indulgent tales, poetry as elixir. They don't pretend to order things.

Clarke's narrative achievement during the last twenty years of his life is as curious as Kavanagh's lyric-comic achievement in the autobiographical sonnets of his last dozen years. In Clarke there's some of what Kavanagh called "not-caring," removing oneself from concern with the public effect of poetry or the baggage of tradition and releasing the poem itself to serve as a medium for the poet's inexhaustible adventure of discovering the world.

Clarke may not be as nimble or spontaneous as Kavanagh in the practice of "not-caring." Perhaps he remains overly conscious of himself in the pose of Bardic craftsman. (Kavanagh, by the way, satirized Clarke, along with the editors of the Irish *Times,* in the 1944 poem, "Bardic Dust.") But, after all, Kavanagh invented not-caring. And besides, *he* was seldom averse to public gesture.

So we'd do well to raise a toast: to the goodly number of Clarke's poems that prosper through the poet's eyeing the commonplace, entering his memory, and letting them both bring forth the words of his tale. It's not-caring, as Kavanagh knew, about bogus stage-prop poetry. It's the deepest kind of caring. I'll take a pint of Smithy's here!

● ● ● ● ● ●● ● ●

IN BRIEF

C. S. LEWIS: THE SHAPE OF HIS FAITH AND THOUGHT, *by Paul L. Holmer. Harper & Row, $6.95.*

This book brought back to mind a pet project that I had allowed to slip away—the canonization, by the Church, of the outstanding human beings of our times, regardless of their religious affiliation. Three come immediately to mind: Bonhoeffer, Buber, and C. S. Lewis. The influence for the good of these three men, it seems to me, has been enormous—and not through their writings alone, but through their personal lives as well. A Lutheran, a Jew, and an Anglican. Why not? It's an ecumenical age. (Add Gandhi!)

Paul Holmer, Professor of Theology at Yale Divinity School, here explores the thought of Lewis in an earnest, a scholarly, yet unstuffy fashion that the English convert to Christianity would have liked. And that is about as kind a thing I could say about this study as I know.

Holmer, too, by the way, begins with the story of how the famous Oxford Don once took the trouble to write a long and patient letter to him, after he had first written an angry and impetuous one, as a young man. (I've heard a dozen such stories of C.S.L.'s humanity to those who came in contact with him—rich and poor, old and young, famous or obscure.)

Holmer stresses the fact that although Lewis avoids approaching Christianity through the paths cleared by modern

Georgetown University

SCHOOL FOR SUMMER & CONTINUING EDUCATION

Summer Workshops

14th Annual Institute on Sacred Scripture

Adult Education in the Church

Completing a Vocation: Retirement & Religious Life

Toward a Peaceful, Human World Order

Please Contact: SSCE, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20057 (202) 625-3001

Georgetown University is an Equal Opportunity/ Affirmative Action Institution in Employment and Admissions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theologians—or even contemporary biblical scholarship—he was far from being a fundamentalist. He simply thought that the brute, momentous fact of Christianity was too much for any 'school' to handle. 'Mere' Christianity had exploded his own life; and it was the explosive beauty of it that he wished to bring to the attention of his readers. Fiction and myth were invaluable for the purpose.

Holmer rightly stresses also the importance of the moral virtues for Lewis. For him, justice, courage, and generosity were as far away from priggishness as was growth from decay; life, from putrefaction. Only certain lifestyles permit certain insights to occur. And vice versa. To go through life selfish and ugly, meant going through life blunt and stupid, as well. . . . A good book for those interested in the more scholarly dimensions of C. S. Lewis's thought. MICHAEL ZEIK

NOT SO WILD A DREAM *by Eric Sevareid. Atheneum, $12.50.* At 32, at the close of the Second World War, Eric Sevareid seems to have experienced everything and forgotten nothing. He had swum in the small brown river that curved around his tiny North Dakota home town, paddled a canoe 2,200 miles across the American continent, led a radical student movement at the University of Minnesota, ridden the rails as a Depression bum, covered the London blitz with Edward R. Murrow, married and fathered twins, parachuted out of a crashing plane into the New Guinea jungle, witnessed the corruption of Chiang's China, and grown old quickly as he slogged through Italy, France and Germany in the final months of the war.

So, without compromising his fundamental humility, he wrote the story of his life, now reissued—one of the most beautifully written stories I have ever read—the struggle of an extremely sensitive, perceptive, compassionate and eloquent, yet private, young man to retain or reshape his beliefs in human dignity and the American dream in the face of a string of tragedies and disillusionments: dirty campus politics (he was unfairly muscled out of the newspaper editoship), the sad capitulation of France to Nazi Germany, the press's inability or unwillingness to tell the whole truth about the war, the terrible sight of young men's bodies broken and destroyed.

In some of its finest passages *Dream* is a book about suffering: guilt that he, as a privileged celebrity, had suffered less than the boys caught up in the war; anger at the rich, bloated upper classes—British and American—who grew fat by war profits or the miseries of the poor.

If, in the afternoon of his life and the evening of his career, Eric Sevareid seems to cover too many points in his too-brief CBS-TV commentaries, perhaps it is because he really does have so many worthwhile things to say and wants to get them all in before he retires. Now the publishers must put this classic in paperback soon so a new generation of future journalists may share his experience. And he must write volume two, before he becomes too wise and prudent to follow through on the just anger of his youth.

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

TRANSCENDENT SELFHOOD: THE REDISCOVERY OF THE INNER LIFE, *by Louis Dupré, Harcourt, Brace, $795*

Many of our contemporary dilemmas seem ridiculous to our grandparents: What does it mean to be "me"? How can I be free to be me while you, as the poster declaims, are free to be you? But since our culture is a bizarre mixture of radical doubt, romantic fideism, and, in the form of nuclear weaponry, technological terror, without being immodest we might expect that fundamental questions should occur to us more frequently than to past generations. Louis Dupré's *Transcendent Selfhood* is an honest meditation on the absolutely fundamental issue of self-transcendence and the correlative questions of freedom, God, and the sacred. Among scholars of "tenderminded" topics Dupré is "tough-minded." While lamenting the culture's emphasis on unlimited technological progress as a major goal of human existence, and the subordination of all forms of consciousness to the desire to control, he also considers the usual traditional and counter-cultural religious rejections of this culture as a commitment, not to "transcendence as to *another reality*," but to "self expanding feeling." Indeed, Dupré argues that, if we wish to preserve authentic meanings, we should consider the notion of the "sacred" only as a particular category of transcendence. I think I understand the purity of Dupré's reasons for this position—he doubts whether the usual "objectivist" opposition of sacred to profane can integrate the self and he is suspicious about the depth of much contemporary religious searching—and I know that the ineffable is approached by indirection, but I think a fuller discussion of the content and referent of transcendence would help the reader evaluate this posiiton. Dupré's book, he tells us, is a critical reflection on our Christian tradition in the light of inner transcendence. Actually, he does not explicitly make suggestions for theological, ethical, or social reform, but he works hard and successfully to make us aware of the inner presence out of which the notion of God grows. Particularly our society, since it controls or at least affects the lives of so many other people, must learn to look inward before it again tramples too many innocents. If we take the time to look deeply enough we will learn, as religious men and women throughout the ages have experienced, that an adequate concept of the self must include the self-surpassing states such as repentance, hope and love. The book is difficult but deserves to be read. JAMES R. KELLY

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 67)

barracks at Los Alamos, New Mexico, back in 1944. Which is to say that my personal knowledge of *Commonweal* and the nuclear energy business covers about the same span of years. It is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from this perspective that I comment on your editorial of December 3rd, "A Nuclearized Future,"

You discount the significance of the unanimous outcome of nuclear initiative measures on the ballots of six states. These measures were rejected by a two-to-one majority of some 12 million voters (including Californians last June). Likewise, you find a Gallup poll showing that 71 percent of Americans approve nuclear power in principle as meaningless and merely reflective of the industry's propaganda. I wonder if you would be making symmetrical disclaimers of significance if the polls and referenda had been reversed.

You go on to question whether "nuclear power should be a matter of public referendums." That is an interesting thesis in which I might well be persuaded to join. Perhaps you'll develop it some time. If you do, I hope you will come up with a more general test of referenda than concurrence of the outcome with the views of *Commonweal*'s editors.

I am more bothered, however, by the general tone of your editorial. Let me juxtapose a few phrases: ". . . the nuclear industry was ecstatic . . . nuclear power means profits. . . . Look at what is happening to the Hudson River Valley, now known by some as 'nuclear alley'." I don't think I am reading too much into it to say that this is vintage Joe McCarthy. There is the same substitution of innuendo for facts. There are the code words or phrases which convey to the true believer the desired picture while relieving the writer of the burden of actually documenting the implied evil doing. One almost expects you to claim that the Energy Research and Development Administration has 235 known capitalists in its ranks, not to mention countless capsymps.

There is no denying that nuclear power presents some serious problems, as do its alternatives. If indeed it is your thesis that nuclear power should be stopped or controlled in some manner different from the present, then by all means present your analysis and documentation. Absent such a presentation, I suggest that you do not attempt to fill the gap with a collection of cheap shots. THOMAS J. CONNOLLY

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

Musical Errors

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I appreciated Thomas Day's article "A Syllabus of Musical Errors" [Aug. 27]. I was struck, though, by the letters to the editor [Oct. 8]. We seem to put on our rose-colored glasses when we get nostalgic. As I recall the pre-Vatican II Church music it was the Mass of the Angels (VIII) badly sung by adding innumerable breaking points and the Requiem Mass sung morosely, monotonously, etc. A few Gregorian hymns, e.g. *Pange Lingua.*

I remember Introits and *parts* of the proper sung to Psalm tones. It was the rare parish that really sang the Gregorian propers—in fact it was the rare parish that sang the propers at all.

Check articles in *Caecilia* and other music periodicals of the '30s and '40s and listen to their pleas for singing the chant and observance of the rules.

Check out the White list and Black list of the St. Gregory Society.

How many of us owned or ever even "knew" a *Liber Usualis*?

(REV.) THOMAS KELLY, C.S.S.R.

Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Editors: If the musical "Syllabus of Errors" [Aug. 29] discourages you, remember that the Mass in Latin is packing them in in all the concert halls of the world! Berlioz' *Requiem* vies with Verdi's *Requiem* and Mozart's *Requiem* for top popularity. Choral groups and symphony orchestras all try to present passable performances of the very difficult Beethoven *Missa Solemnis*. Masses by Palestrina, Vittoria, Bruckner, Haydn, Faure, and very nearly every other major composer are demanded by the concert-going public.

Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* is composed around the Latin text and Leonard Bernstein's Mass actually takes off from the Latin text.

At the summit of all the great Masses is Bach's *B Minor Mass* which changes the text slightly but remains in Latin.

Nearly all the choruses in the United States use the traditional Catholic Italian pronunciation. If the theologians are tone deaf, the artists certainly are not!

ANTHONY HANLON

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM,** The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $4.00 (U.S.) or $4.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. (Allow 6 weeks.)

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157CX ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

Classified

RATES: 60c a word, one time; 57c, three times; 54c, seven times; 51c, thirteen times, Twelve words minimum. For box numbers add 50c per insertion. Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Language

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks, $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Position

Position open in August 1977 for woman to serve on Campus Ministry team at Marquette University. Expertise desired in liturgy or peace/justice issues. Contact Elizabeth Dreyer, 1717 Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, WI., 53233. Send vita.

Jowai Mission

In celebrating its golden anniversary, the Salesian mission in Jowai, India is terracing land so that fifty families will have four acres apiece. It is setting up a new parish which lacks "practically everything from kitchen utensils to chairs and tables." The need is urgent for "our farm projects and the new parish." Donations should be sent to: REV. H. FANTIN, S.D.B., c/o SALESIAN MISSIONS, BOX 30, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10802.

Essays

Benedictine Monachism and Contemporary Culture, three distinguished essays $1. American Cassinese Federation, Saint Mary's Abbey, Morristown, New Jersey 07960.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commonweal in '77

In the Bicentennial Year *Commonweal* consistently provided rewarding reading by a wide range of eminent authors, among them: Joseph H. Fichter, Michael Harrington, Doris Grumbach, Richard P. McBrien, Raymond Schroth, Carey McWilliams, Richard John Neuhaus, Peter Hebblethwaite, Daniel C. Maguire and Saul Maloff. As the first three issues of the year have demonstrated, *Commonweal* will provide abundant reading of a similar quality in 1977.

Our Columnists

One of its most popular features is its series of columnists: the challenging Washington Report of Frank Getlein and the lively comment of Peter Steinfels which appear in each issue; the popular column of Abigail McCarthy; Thomas Powers on the Press; Colin Westerbeck, Jr. on the Movies, Gerald Weales on the Stage; John Garvey on Religious Books; John Deedy's "News and Views."

Reviewers

With its 32-page issues *Commonweal* will continue in '77 to present a wide coverage of current books. It will present critics like those who have been reviewing for the magazine in recent months: Wayne Andrews, Bernard Bergonzi, Avery Dulles, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Charles Davis, Quincy Howe, Claire Hahn, Richard C. Hottelet, Leonard Kriegel, Jeffrey Meyers, Jaroslav Pelikan, Paul Ramsey and George Woodcock. The informative criticism embodied in *Commonweal's* comment on books and the arts is alone worth the price of a subscription.

SEND FOR A HALF-PRICE TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

5 Months (11 issues) for $4

---------- **For New Subscribers Only** ----------

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

Please send the next 11 issues of *Commonweal* to:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

2-4-77

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED